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Vol. CLIII No. 1995 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 16 1938

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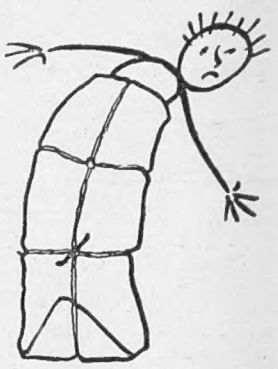

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 16, 1938

ON THE "JA" SHIP: WHERE ONLY TEN SAID "NEIN"

A Nazi Girl Has Her Passport Examined Before Taking Part in the German Plebiscite Held on Shipboard off the English Coast

An event that must surely be unique in English history, and the propriety of which has been widely questioned, took place last Sunday when nearly 2,000 Germans and Austrians resident in Great Britain sailed from Tilbury on a cruise outside the three-mile limit in the 24,000-ton German liner, *Wilhelm Gustloff*, and there cast their votes in the plebiscite held to approve Chancellor Hitler's act in making Germany and Austria one. They rewarded the Führer with a 99½ per cent. vote of confidence, only ten among them having the inclination combined with the temerity to place their crosses in the circle marked "nein." Altogether twelve hours were spent at sea and during that time the voters, who each paid 3s. towards the expenses, were regaled with a hot pot lunch, danced to a jazz band, and watched variety turns in which the name of Schuschnigg was used with unflagging frequency as a subject of mirth. The voters, who came from all parts of the country, were largely young women in their twenties, many of whom have posts in domestic service. On the same day in Germany voting was proceeding enthusiastically, over 50,000,000 people going to the polls to give their Nazi leaders yet another overwhelming demonstration of loyalty

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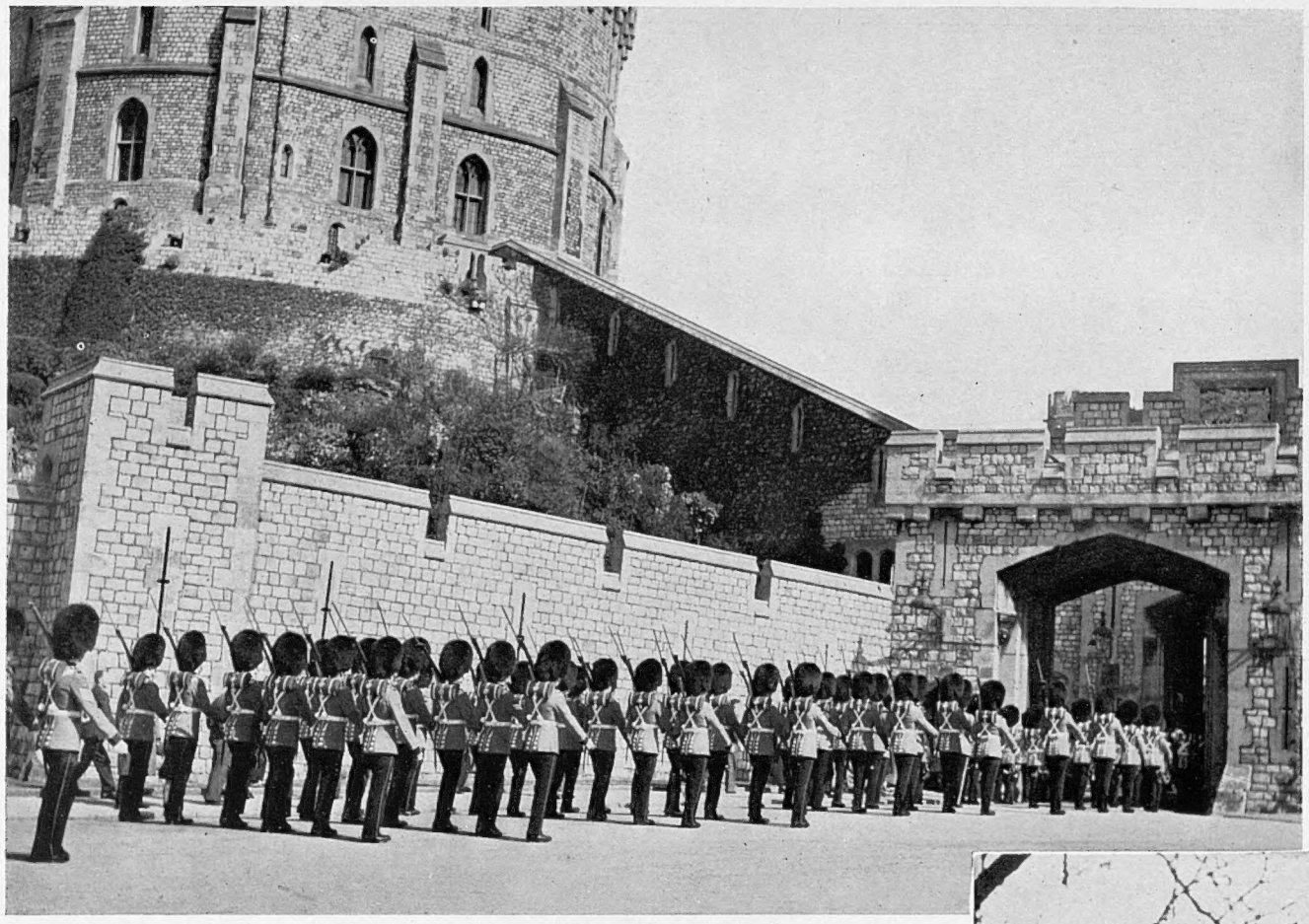
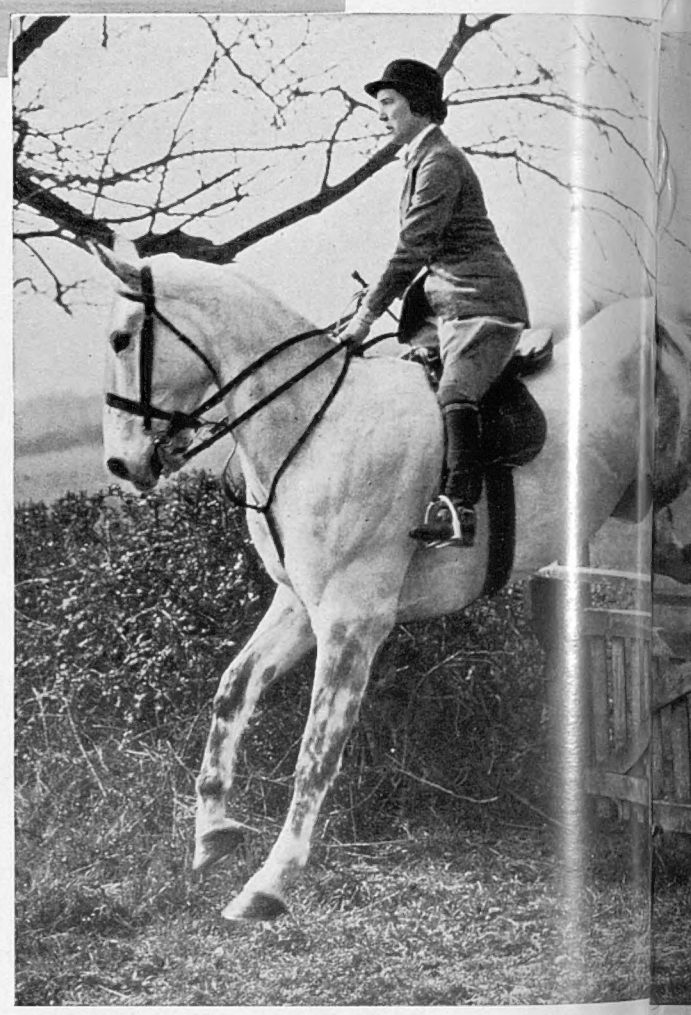


THE COURT AT WINDSOR: Guards arriving at the Castle for the changing ceremony on the day after the King and Queen had gone into residence there in accordance with the usual custom of the Royal Family in the early spring. Many alterations and improvements have been made to the State apartments and, among other things, wireless has been installed in every bedroom

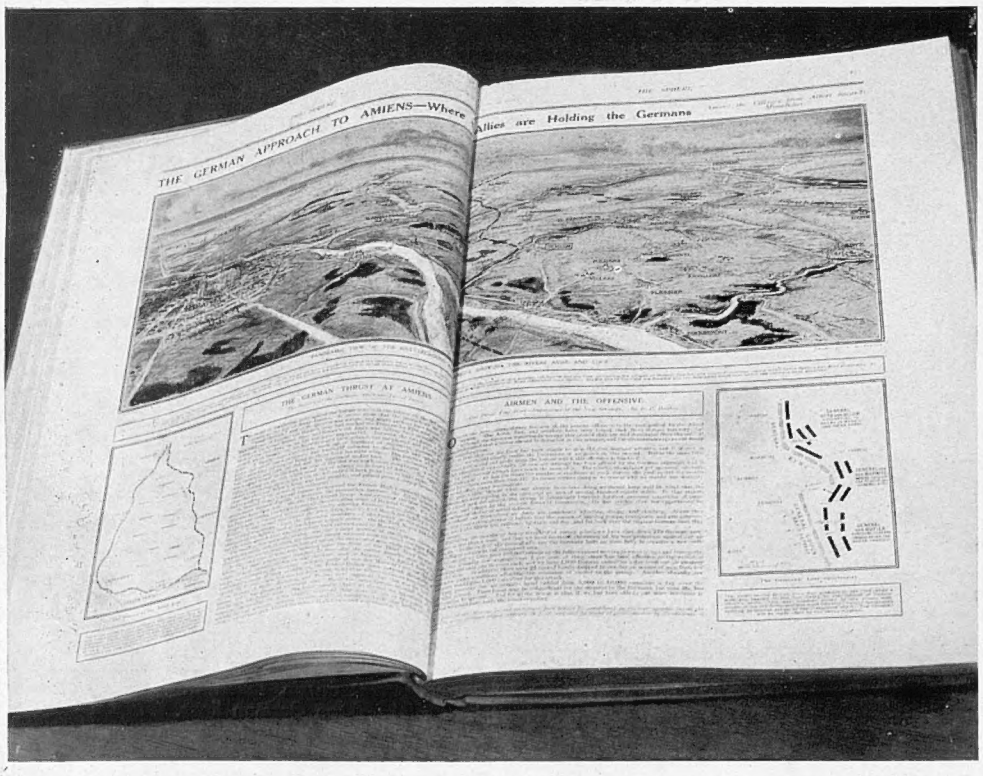
THE COURT AT WINDSOR.—The Court has moved to Windsor Castle. The peace and informality of Royal Lodge are unattainable in the castle, where Royal residence requires a good deal of entertaining and its attendant forms and ceremonial. At Royal Lodge the King and Queen can and do live the life of any private individuals blessed with a country house of moderate size, with ready access to a charming garden. But life at the Castle is no longer what it was (which is to say uncomfortable). The private apartments are far more "home like," less draughty, less dim, and less museum-like than ever before. Colour, light, and warmth and anti-draught protection have been installed and the pride and thrill which any Briton and every Sovereign must feel during residence among the glories of the Castle can now be indulged in comparative comfort. If in its vastness of masonry the gardens seem far away, the view remains. That view across the Thames valley which inspired Shakespeare and colours the English character, a view which in April and May is unsurpassed for charm and beauty in the



A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, April 13, 1938.

A WHITSUN-EASTER.—Easter falls fairly late this year and is on us. The open road beckons, and prepares to groan under thousands on thousands of newly-licensed cars. Many of the holiday-makers are already sunburned by the genial sunshine of a record March, taken during week-ends at the sea. Those who burst upon the country as explorers will find conditions usually obtaining at Whitsuntide or in early May. They will find the green shoots of the bracken a foot high, the azaleas in full flower, the wild plums and cherries and geans shedding or fully-shed of blossoms. And in the gardens the Japanese cherries in full bloom, the tulips blowing or blown, and herbaceous borders taking summer shape. All these winter months the process of mass-education has been going on patiently. What will be the result of it — progress or *status quo*? Will they kill and maim each other less recklessly on the roads; will they desecrate a smaller acreage of their own and of privately owned heritages of beauty with fire and litter and broken bottles? Time (as usual) is the only solver of the puzzle and Time does not prophesy. The statistics will be published in due course. Meanwhile we must wait and hope and wish all holidaymakers happy and virtuous. This is the festival of annual rebirth and renewing, of which the Easter Egg is the symbol. May it prove the beginning of a new and cleaner page of history not only for our roads and commons but for civilisation. God knows we have killed and destroyed enough, and a reaction to sanity and restraint and decency is overdue.



TWENTY YEARS BACK: This double page was reproduced in *The Sphere* of April 13, 1918, and records one of the last big German offensives of the great war, when General von Hutier's men made their vital thrust at Amiens, driving before them the 5th Army of General Gough, which, after a galiant resistance, found the pressure against it well-nigh overwhelming. At the time General Gough was blamed for what happened, but history has dealt rather more fairly with him, and it is good to know that the present plans for creating a 5th Army Memorial Fund have been so well supported. Collective efforts on behalf of the fund are being organised all over the country, and it is hoped with the proceeds to endow two wards at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington

whole world, for ever feasts the eye. And when the rain falls (if ever it does) there is the library, which may fairly be said to be a British Museum and National Gallery and Record Office, compressed into essence in tabloid form for private use. The wealth which it contains in every sphere of art has never yet been plumbed or even estimated, though Mr. Morshead has been working at it for years.

ROME PACT.—The terms of the Rome Pact were "out" some days before the text had been finally prepared for signature. But there is nothing sinister in that. There is very little that is hid nowadays and little effort made (except of Budget secrets) to avoid leakage. Where there is no leakage, guessing can go

pretty close to the bull's-eye in these days. A statesman's declaration, an inter-State pact, it is not difficult to prophesy the sense and the essentials of one and the other. For issues are narrow, and the channels beset with well-charted rocks and shoals. Obviously, the two main difficulties in the way of a Rome–London Pact were: the recognition of the Abyssinian Empire and the withdrawal of Italian troops from Spain. The removal of these obstacles depended rather on finding formulae than on change of heart. As to the former, Britain may propose to the League that individual member States shall be released from their obligation not to recognise the Italian Empire. An affair of nicely chosen words! How many people understood that Britain has been patiently waiting to recognise the Italian Empire until released by the League from her obligation not to do so? And the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain. Here it seems that Fate, or our good fortune, may step in to save our face and breathe life into the Rome Pact. The Treaty may come into force on the day on which Italy withdraws her troops and war material from Spain. If Franco win soon, she can implement her promise easily and early. Foreigners will be of no more use there—at least to Franco. If the war drags on, the lawyers may argue that a token withdrawal will do as a start. For the rest the Pact can break little fresh ground. The old agreements and pacts

WELL OVER! These two greys made a fine action picture as they cleared a fence together during the annual hunter trials held by the Old Berkeley Hunt at Great Westwood, Herts.

are pulled out, dusted, and re-sworn. The Gentlemen's Agreement of 1937, with its fundamental recognitions of mutual interests in the Mediterranean; the International Convention of 1885 (freedom of Suez Canal); the Treaty of 1927 (Arabian States east of the Red Sea); the Treaty of 1937 (British sovereignty over Aden Protectorate); the naval agreement of 1936; a re-statement of mutual interests in Palestine.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?—

What the worth of the Rome Pact may be many will argue and time will show. Wise serpents in the Garden of Eden will doubtless deride it and declare that a Treaty dependent upon an unfulfilled promise and composed of the reaffirmation of half-a-dozen extant treaties throws contempt upon the whole principle of treaty making and is worth no more than the sum of the value of the paper on which were inscribed those reaffirmed treaties not hitherto observed to the letter. But Mr. Chamberlain's many supporters will declare that the Rome Pact is a personal triumph for the Premier; and indeed it is fair to "remind listeners" that on the day of Mr. Eden's resignation a dozen pundits wrote or said that, good or worthless, no document in the nature of a pact with Italy would come. It has come, as Mr. Chamberlain said it would. Britain has not eaten an unusually large slice of humble pie in the process. We wink a little, we compromise a little (as we have learned to do these dark days); we eat some proud words spoken in the dark ages of 1936 or 7. The result is there, to be signed and read. It may do no good. It can hardly make things worse than they have been. I am inclined to think it will make for easement and appeasement in Anglo-Italian relations and in the Mediterranean if events in Spain do not upset the applecart again.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND LOST CONFIDENCE.—

Reports indicate that Mr. Roosevelt, after a brief holiday, has appreciated the urgency of restoring some measure of confidence in business circles in the States. Anxiety has rapidly been turning of late to sheer panic or to something very like that humiliating state of mind to which, above all, Stock Exchanges are prone. It is the naked truth that those who would build brave, new worlds must continue, until the structure is far advanced, to legislate for the bad old world which it is planned to supersede, and if facts and institutions as they still are, are too long neglected in enthusiasm for the new building programme, the very foundations on which all depends will collapse. The President is back and at grips with several urgent problems, notably: The Senate's revolt in favour of Business over the Government's Tax Bill; the Lower House's revolt against the Re-organisation Bill; the crucial conditions in the railway industry; the crisis in the electricity industry created by the dismissal of Mr. Arthur Morgan. All these major political issues are leading factors in a crisis no whit less grave and urgent—the general pessimism in the business world, reflected vividly by the appalling slump in the American stock markets. That this slump is not justified to its abnormal depths is doubtless true. But the well-known characteristics of American stockbrokers do not satisfactorily account for it. Even in a hot-bed of rumour, there is no smoke without fire, and Mr. Roosevelt's fanatical crusade against Business has proved too concentrated and too early. His brave new world is far from complete and the old institutions he condemns must still form part of his work-a-day tool bag. Some idea of the catastrophic fall in U.S. counters can be gained by anybody who studies the security-list of a reasonably conservative investor, who includes respectable U.S. investments in his geographical distribution of investment risk. One single example will serve to show the immensity of the falls, the apparent depths of the panic, and the undoubted change for the worse in the conditions and earning prospects of the railways. A year ago the common stock of the admirably run Chesapeake and Ohio Railway (25-dollar shares) stood at seventy and were talked by sound business men very much higher. To-day those shares stand around par, a fall of 60 per cent. It is small wonder if many quite sober "genuine investors", ruefully conning over their investments, find themselves compelled to write off over all 50 per cent of the realisation value of their capital. If that fall in Chesapeake and Ohio Common be justified, if to-day, at par, its price represents a fair market value, then either the crisis in America is of the most sudden and serious kind, or the fool's cap is once more set on the silly head of expert business judgment. The man in the street is an infinitely better judge than the expert. It is a dilemma which cannot be brushed aside lightly.

PRIMATE'S DILEMMAS.—

I often think that no leader in this kingdom has more embarrassing decisions to make than the Primate. That the church should not interfere in politics is a principle which cannot bind the Primate. His voice carries authority in the Upper House because religion knows no limits in the field of human life and politics occupy a large part of that field. Lately the Archbishop was urged to call a day of national prayer. The times are dark and dangerous and it seemed to many meet and right that the nation should pray nationally on a public day of intercession for salvation from the dangers which beset us. But the Primate felt compelled to refuse the request. He feared it might do more harm (politically) than good (religiously). He feared it might cause a panic. Only the Cabinet (and Heaven) knows how near we are to war. We must assume (while we remain without that secret information) that, though times are dark, they are not dangerous to the point of public prayer, which is suitable only after Government declaration of a "state of emergency." At the moment we must regard world conditions as justifying only continuous, private prayers and continuous piling up of death-dealing implements. National intercession is a last resort not lightly to be employed. Here is a remarkable grading of methods of prayer and I cannot help feeling that the Primate must have found it extraordinarily difficult and embarrassing to set forth his "reasons in writing." But there is good authority for his nice definitions in the story of the captain of a sinking ship who came to the door of the first-class passenger saloon and cried: "All's lost, ladies. To prayers, to prayers." "Oh, captain," wailed one lady, "has it come to this?"

GOEBBELS' WAY.—

Dr. Goebbels may be an agreeable man in private life. In his public utterances as Minister of Propaganda he usually says it with bludgeons. Here are some of his Easter Eggs. "When we occupied the Rhineland we waited until Britain, France, and Italy were tearing each other's hair over Abyssinia . . . and we said, 'Now it is our turn.' The London Press, playing the governess as usual, complains that Hitler does everything by force. . . . If I believed that Britain and France would improve their behaviour, I would explain to them our unsolved problems. They are very urgent. We cannot ignore them any longer. One is that Germany remains the only great Power without colonies. Our art is to pull out the biggest prizes with the least risk."

THE OLD STAGER

QUEEN MARY IN SOUTH WALES: Her Majesty being received on arrival at the National Museum, Cardiff, where she paid a lengthy visit on the second day of her four-day tour in the Principality. Queen Mary was particularly interested in seeing the robes and regalia worn by the Prince of Wales at his investiture in 1911 and remarked to the Museum authorities on how well they were cared for

DALADIER FORMS A CA

Two Facets of a Crowded Political Week-End—Ho

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE: M. Edouard Daladier leaving the War Ministry after giving an interview to the Press during last week-end, when he was busily engaged in forming a Cabinet to succeed M. Blum's fallen Popular Front Ministry. He failed in his endeavour to create a National Government because the Socialists held aloof, but succeeded in setting up a Radical administration. Its composition, however, did not arouse much enthusiasm

STAY-IN STRIKERS GIVING AN IMPROMPTU CONCERT to while away the tim during their occupation of a Paris arms factory. 50,000 of them were n strike in the capital at the end of last week, and by Tuesday their number were doubled, thus holding up the French re-armament programme i disconcerting fashion. They were demanding an immediate wage agreemen

PARIS POLICE attempting to de with the crowd which gathered ou side the Senate to protest again its action in defeating M. Blu

BULLET ON WHEELS: Racing driver John Cobb in the cockpit of his new streamlined car in which he will attempt next August to smash the world's land speed record on Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah. The car, which is extremely light for its size, weighs 3 tons, has two 1,250-h.p. engines, and streamlined sheathing which can be easily lifted off the chassis in order to facilitate the changing of tyres and re-fuelling

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS": S of and entertained their compat du largely consisting of w be

NET IN FRANCE—NAZI RESIDENTS IN ENGLAND VOTE AT SEA

the German Liner "Wilhelm Gustloff" Took On Two Thousand Voters at Tilbury and Cruised Beyond the Three-mile Limit

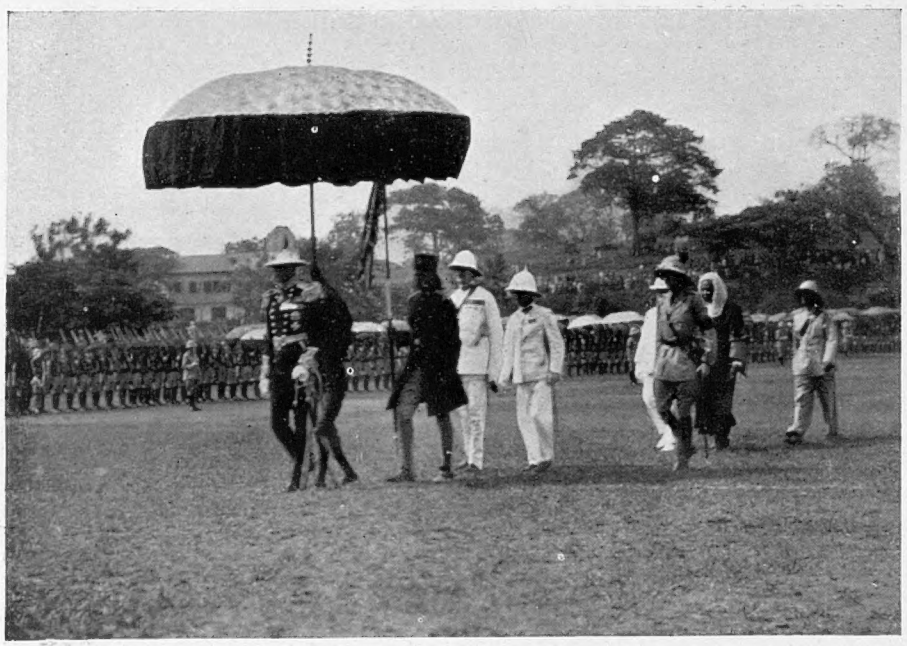
THE "PLEBISCITE SHIP" PUTS OUT TO SEA: The 24,000-ton German liner, *Wilhelm Gustloff*, pictured as she left the Thames last Sunday. On board were 2,000 German and Austrian residents in Britain who, as noted on the frontispiece of this issue, were taken out beyond the three-mile limit and there given an opportunity to vote in the Nazi plebiscite on the question of Germany's annexation of Austria. The *Wilhelm Gustloff* has been built by the Labour Front's "Strength Through Joy" organisation in order to give German working-class folk an opportunity of travelling abroad at the cheapest possible rates. A ten-day cruise costs as little as £3 and £4

ON BOARD THE "WILHELM GUSTLOFF": Sailors examining the credentials of a young German as he came aboard the plebiscite ship at Tilbury last Sunday. Before being admitted, passengers had to show voting certificates issued by the German Embassy in London, and several who came down to the landing stage without them were, much to their chagrin, left behind. *Above*—A member of the crew showing some of the passengers plebiscite propaganda posters drawn up in the form of completed ballot papers. Crosses were placed in the larger circles marked "Ja" while there were smaller circles marked "Nein" of which all but 450,000 Germans took no notice

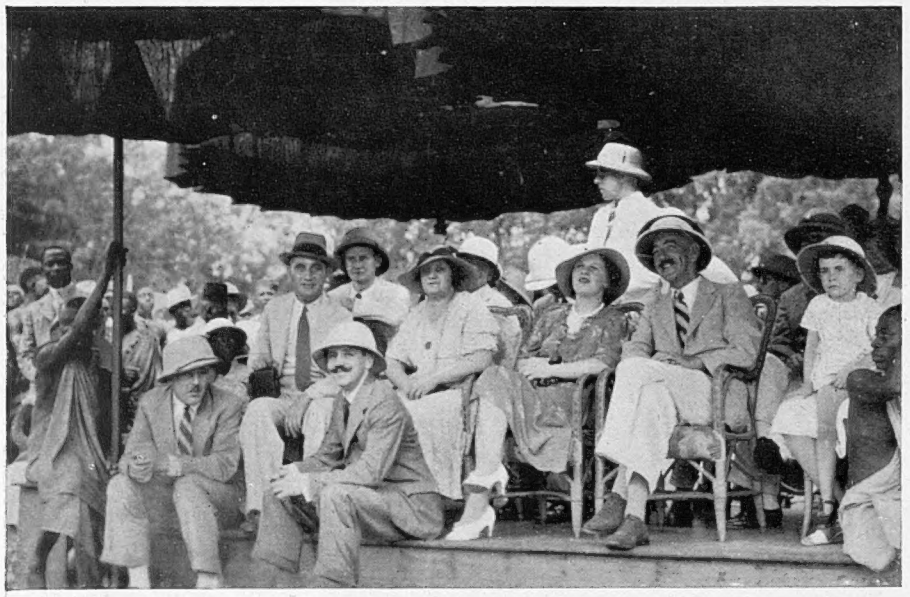
of last Sunday's passengers on the *Wilhelm Gustloff* took concertinas aboard during the hours at sea. They were a gay crowd, the Austrians among them between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, who are over here in domestic service

A CLOG DANCE by two fair passengers on the *Wilhelm Gustloff* during a recent cruise to Tripoli, Italian North Africa, organised by the "Strength Through Joy" movement. During the coming summer many thousands of Germans will have the chance to take cheap cruises

NEWS OUT OF AFRICA



A RED LETTER DAY IN ASHANTI: Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor of the Gold Coast, pictured as he walked beneath a State umbrella during the Durbar held in Kumasi when His Excellency, acting on behalf of the King, presented the Insignia of the K.B.E. to Nana Sir Agyeman Prempeh II, the ruling chieftain, and silver drums to the Gold Coast Regiment

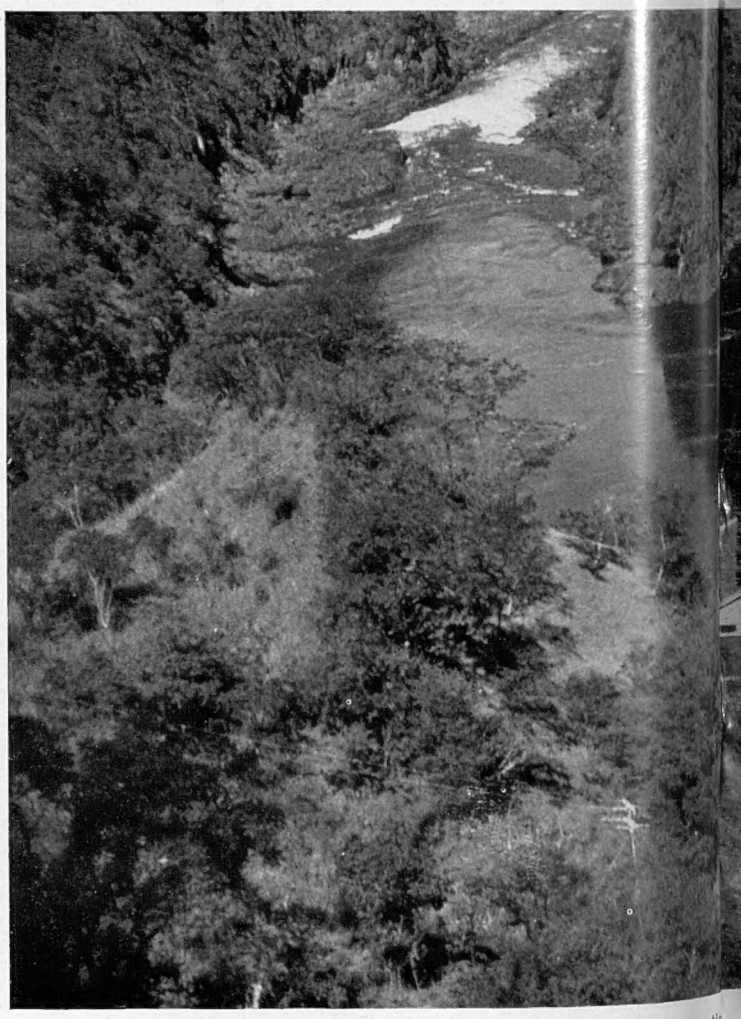


EVERYONE TURNED OUT for the Durbar at Kumasi including, as pictured here, a large number of white residents who, sheltered from the sun by canopies, watched the Governor of the Gold Coast, H.E. Sir Arnold Hodson, present the K.B.E. to the ruling chieftain of Ashanti

HARNESSED TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND: Major Sir Hubert Young, Governor of Northern Rhodesia, and Lady Young pictured as they arrived in a beflagged "skip" to open the new hydro-electric generating station built by the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company at Victoria Falls to supply the needs of the town of Livingstone and of the Victoria Falls Hotel

TO THE STRAINS OF "COLONEL BOGEY": The band of the Gold Coast regiment proudly marching past with their new set of silver drums which had just been presented to them by Sir Arnold Hodson. This force, which is charged with the defence of the entire Colony, consists of four companies of infantry and one battery of 3.7-in. howitzers. It is an extremely efficient unit and its turn-out on the occasion of the Durbar attracted widespread admiration

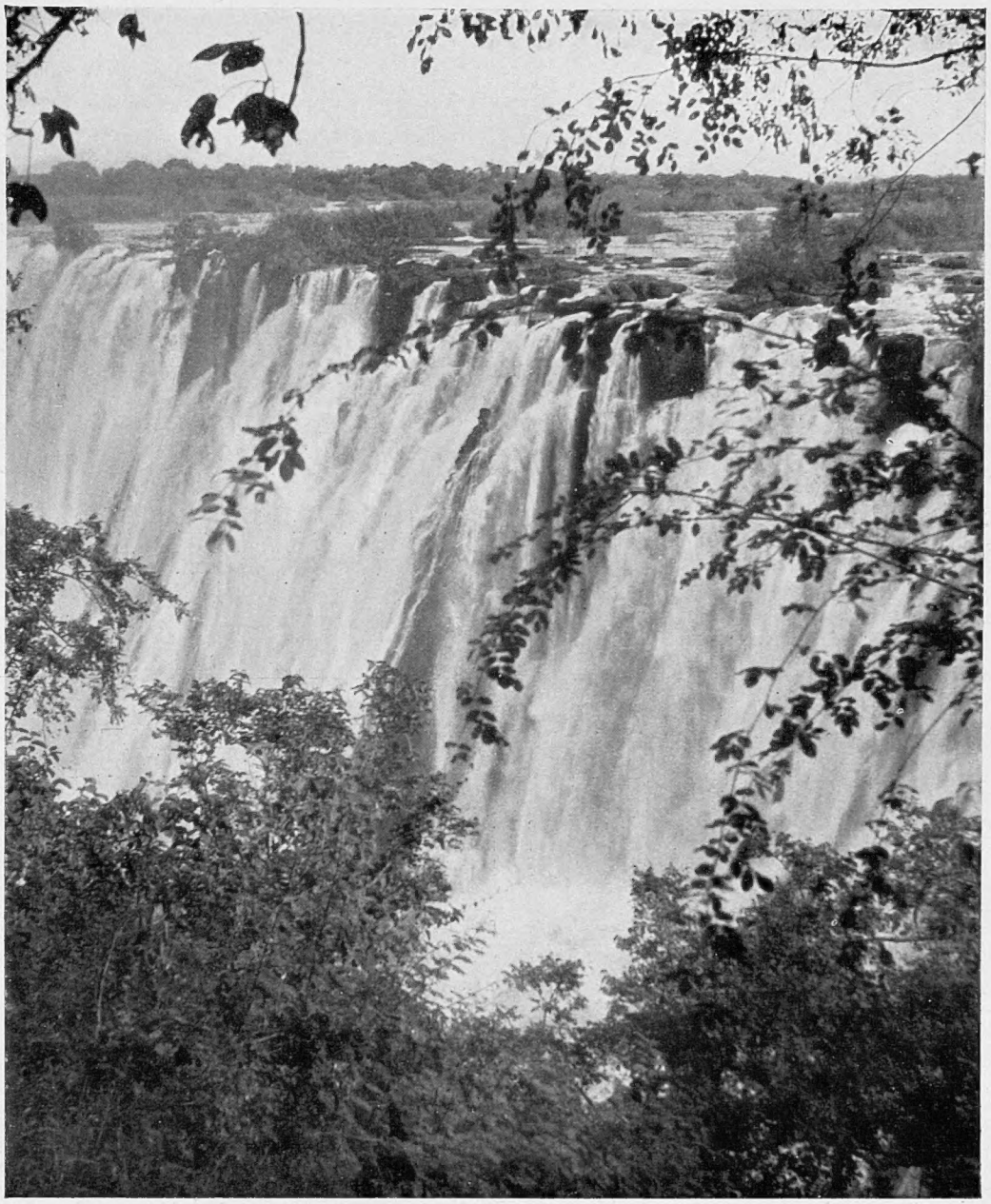
PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: The be-jewelled daughters of the ruling chief watched the Durbar ceremonial from the shoulders of their attendants. *On left*—A member of the Gold Coast police



IN A MAJESTIC SETTING: Looking down the "skipway" to the £14,000 generating station set up by the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company at Victoria Falls in accordance with the plan of Cecil Rhodes. Its advent has in no way marred the natural beauty of the falls and there is no doubt that it ca

The Governor of the Gold Coast Holds a Durbar at Kumasi : The Victoria Falls Harnessed for Electricity —A Cecil Rhodes Dream Becomes a Reality

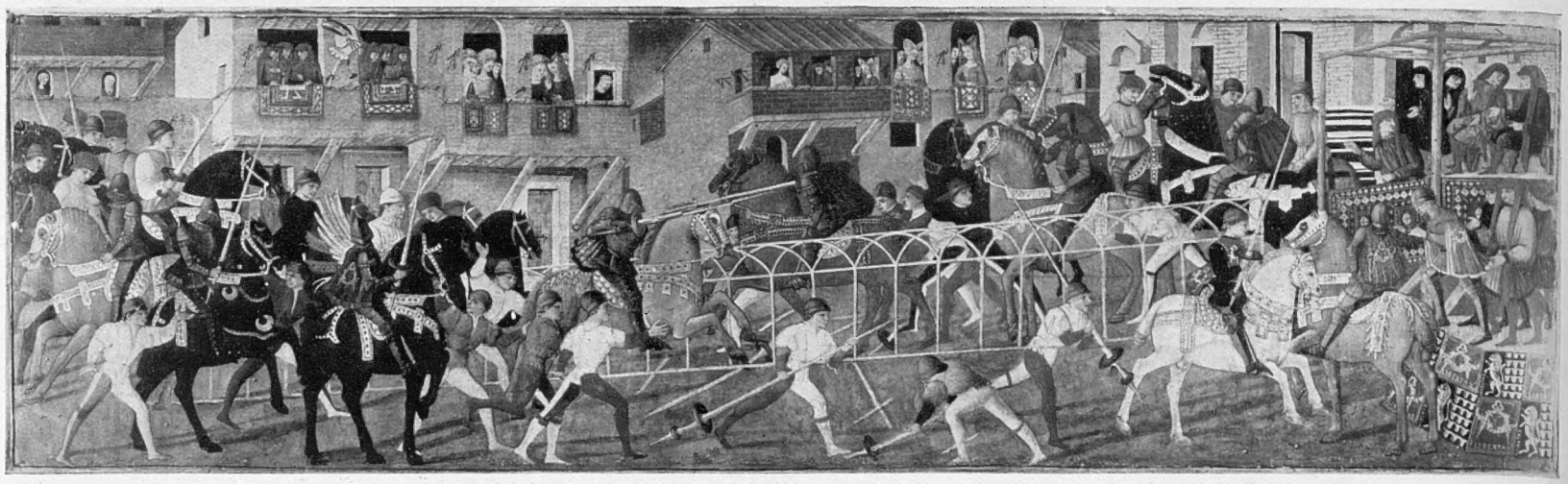
The plan was originally conceived at the beginning of the century by Cecil Rhodes, who hoped to utilise the falls for providing the Rand gold mines with electricity, and, although it has come to fruition on a rather less ambitious scale, its inauguration is a notable event in the development of the two Rhodesias



WHERE THE ZAMBESI THUNDERS INTO A MILE-WIDE CHASM: A general view of the Eastern Cataract of the Victoria Falls which at long last have been harnessed to the service of mankind and may, in years to come, play a vital part in the development of that hinterland to which Cecil Rhodes pointed the way for the white peoples of South Africa. The horse power of the falls varies widely according to the season and it is reckoned that about 100,000,000 gallons a minute pass over them during April

play a large part in the development of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, just as, on a much greater scale, the harnessing of Niagara has speeded up the industrial progress of Ontario. The station is situated between the second and third gorges

THIS 42-in. PENSTOCK, beside which the "skipway" runs, carries the water that drives the turbines in the new Victoria Falls power house. The pipe is 960 ft. long and drops the first 300 ft. at a 1 in 1 gradient. The hydro-electric station is by no means large, but it is of course capable, if opportunity should arise, of being extended considerably to supply large areas of Northern and Southern Rhodesia



This spirited Florentine painting, showing a tournament in progress, is the front panel of the fifteenth-century Cassone, or wedding chest, which forms part of the rich bequest made to the National Gallery at the end of last year by Sir Henry Samuelson. The various treasures included in the bequest are being displayed in a new room, the inauguration of which coincides with the Gallery's celebration of its centenary. The Cassone is the product of a Florentine workshop, dating from about the years 1460–70, and the bequest also includes some outstanding works by Filippino Lippi

IN THE DAYS OF THE TOURNEY

A Spirited Painting in the National Gallery's New Room

CHINA SCORES IN SHANTUNG: Her First Important Victory in the Campaign to Date

WHILE the Chinese people joyously celebrate victories reported from the Shantung front, General Chiang Kai-shek, now Dictator of China, cautions them against "undue rejoicing over important but only initial successes." The warning is wise, for Japan is rushing reinforcements and calling on the nation to mobilise for a long conflict.

But the effect on the *moral* of both Chinese and Japanese troops must be tremendous. In the diary of a Japanese soldier killed in battle is this poignant entry: "Oh, for whom should we suffer such pain as this?"

Since there are no foreign war correspondents at the front, it is impossible to know exactly what the military situation is. But neutral observers of the general situation in the war areas report that the Japanese conquest is hollow gain. The Japanese control great lengths of railway lines and many key cities, but the vast tracts of country between these narrow strips are, one foreign observer tells us, still under Chinese administration, with the local governments maintaining constant wireless communication with the Central Government at Hankow. The people, he says, are living normally and their spirit is high.

An Englishman living in the interior of China writes that an intensive educational campaign for the masses is going on throughout China from north to south, and that the people are responding with a patriotic, unified spirit new to the nation. Villagers and farmers are everywhere organising defence corps, and many of them are joining in the guerilla tactics that harry the Japanese armies. It is reported that the 8th Route (formerly the Communist) Army is two-thirds equipped with Japanese coats, rifles, ammunition, and lorries, captured from the enemy.

But other agencies also, more concrete than moral, have been operating during the past two months to strengthen the Chinese position. The army and the air force have been drastically reorganised, and new war materials, which have been slow in arriving over difficult routes, are at last in action. Vigorous and loyal commanders have replaced several of the wavering war-lords of the old regime. There has been a complete re-shuffle of personnel in the air command, and scores of foreign pilots have been recruited. It is said that many foreigners are also engaged in anti-aircraft service.

General Chiang Kai-shek's power and prestige have been greatly strengthened by his recent appointment as dictator, by consent not only of his own Kuomintang Party but of all parties now represented in the Government.

The strategic importance of the Lunghai Railway was recognised by the Chinese very early in the war. For its defence the best troops have been reserved. A foreign military observer at Shanghai said, "Not only may the Japanese never succeed in capturing Suchow but they may even break themselves, from the military point of view, in the effort. Ten days after the Japanese triangular attack began it is clear that not a single strategic advance has been made."

The First Chinese Army Corps, comprising six divisions, and known as the backbone of General Chiang Kai-shek's army, is operating near the Honan-Shensi borders under the command of General Hu Tsung-nan who is considered one of China's ablest commanders. Ten other divisions, also, are massed under his command. The concentration of sixteen divisions in this area was designed to prevent the Japanese forces from pushing into the north-west, or towards Hankow. For Chinese militarists believed that the Japanese intended to march westward, parallel to the Lunghai Railway, to Tungkuan, where they would be able to cut off the Chinese army from the north-west and would themselves be able to cross the Yellow River at any point. This Chinese strategy has proved effective.

Other important disposals of Chinese troops include General Li Tsung-jen's crack Kwangsi divisions on the Tientsin-Pukow front, and General Tang En-po's Fourth Army Corps, famous for its defence of the Nankow Pass, along the Peking–Hankow Railway. General Wei Li-huang is in virtual control of the Shansi area, while the Eighth Route Army is active in Hopei. The amazing mobility of this unit is described by a foreigner who says he marched with them 43 miles in 20 hours, crossing eight mountains.

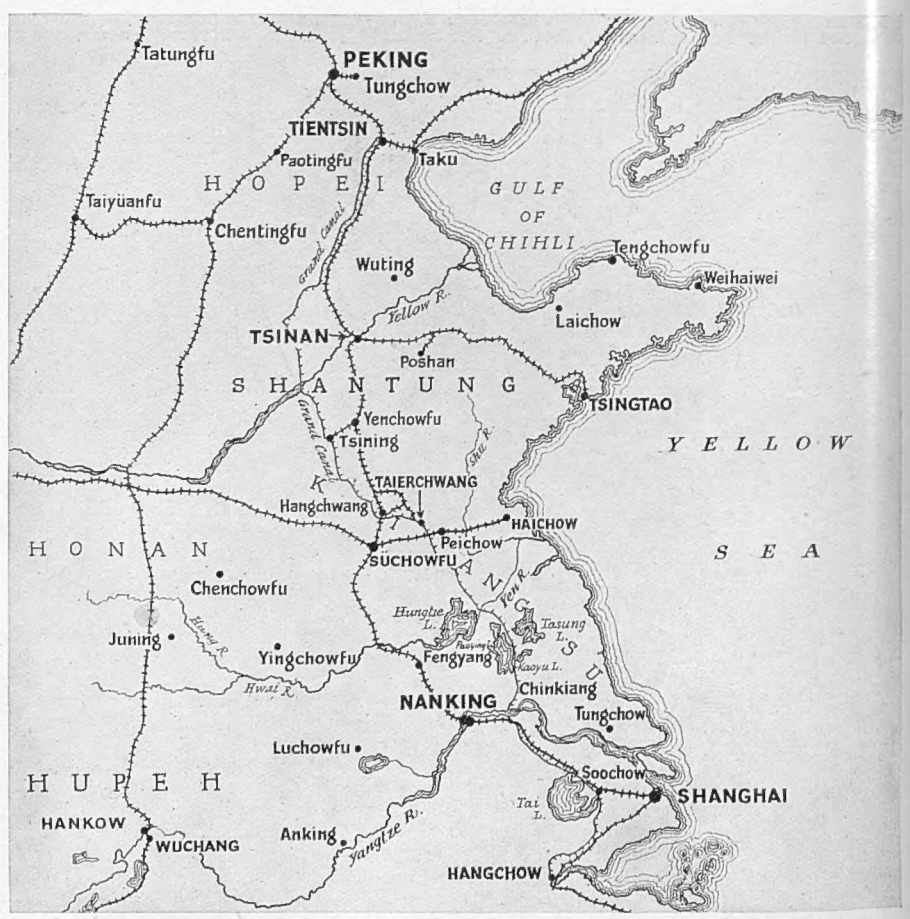
While the Japanese maintain a blockade of the China coast, and continuously bomb the Canton-Hankow Railway, supplies seep in through Indo-China and through Sinkiang. It is said that four new assembling plants have been established in Kwantung and Kwangsi Provinces.

Upon continuance of these supplies depends China's hope of maintaining the advantage gained.

An interesting article on the personal aspect of the situation appeared in last week's issue of *The Times*, and I take the liberty of quoting the following particularly significant extract: "The Japanese mean to go on until the Chinese are brought to their knees. The Chinese are equally determined to continue to the bitter end, and when fatalists think that way there is no turning them away from it. If there is to be any change in the outlook it could be caused by the Chinese soldier, who is risking his life to carry out orders given by officials who care so little for him individually that they do not furnish him even with doctors or bandages when he is wounded. He is little else but cannon fodder, to be fed to the invaders by the thousand in order to delay their advance and keep alive the hopes of his superiors. If he were a calculating self-seeker he would stay at home and fight no more. But he also is a fatalist, and keeps in the furrow made for him, and in the process shows the streak of heroism that is surely in him. So long as he toes the line the war can go on.

"What the Japanese think about the war needs no examination, for in budgeting for £300,000,000 sterling and by the controversial nationalisation law they disclose how seriously they regard the situation; presumably they foresee a prolonged struggle. Mr. Hirota has said that they will not give up an inch of what they have already got. It is plainly indicated that they intend to get more, probably Hankow next and then Canton."

F. E. Dea



THE CHINESE THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map showing the position of Suchowfu, just to the north of which it appears that the Chinese forces have lately gained their first important victory of the present campaign; killing between 7,000 and 8,000 Japanese at Taierchwang and driving the survivors back in great disorder in the direction of Tsining. It seems that for the time being the important railway junction of Suchowfu is safe, and it is distinctly possible that the Japanese *morai* has been badly shaken. More important still, however, are the Chinese guerilla tactics which are proving most successful. The Chinese have realised that they cannot compete with Japanese equipment and organisation, and have developed a system of harassing lines of communications much in the manner employed by the Boers under General de Wet during the Boer War

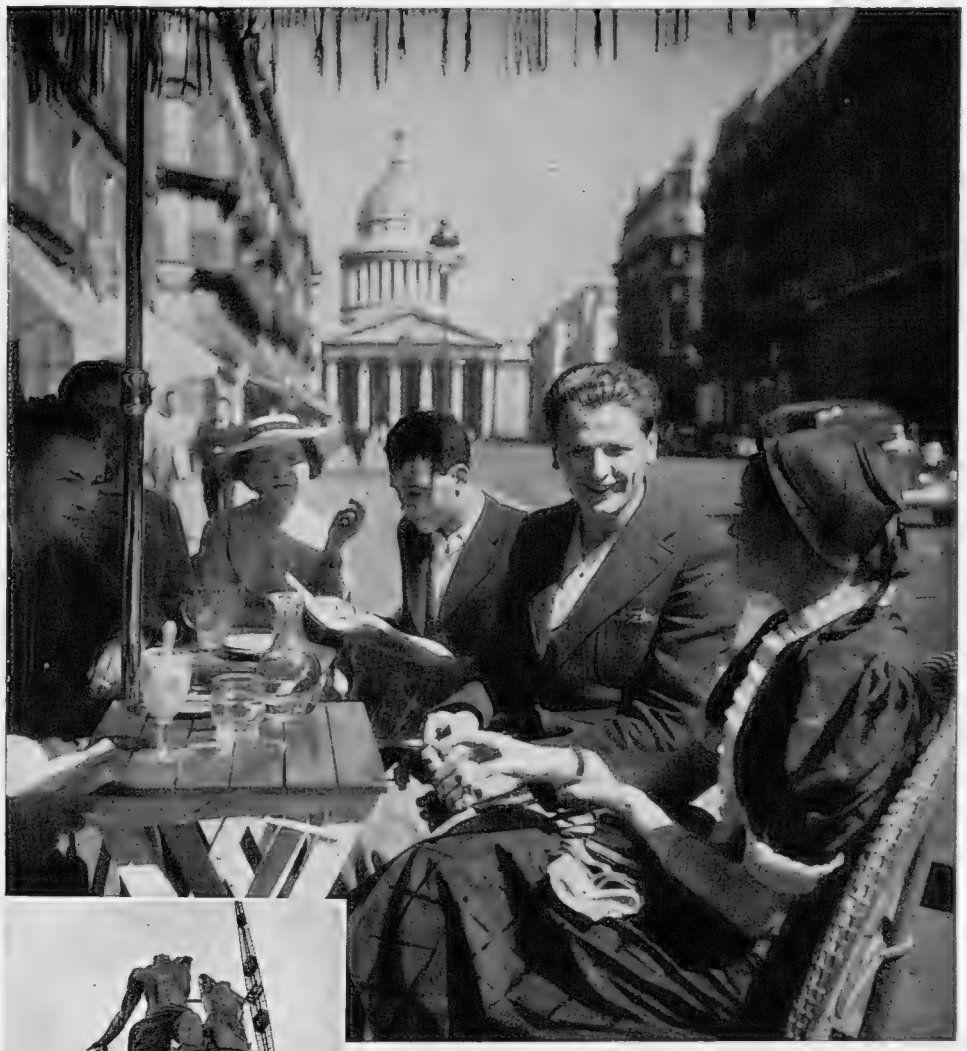
SPRINGTIME EBULLIENCE IN PARIS

Students Re-Adopt the Old Phaluche

FASHION'S DECREE: Students of the Latin Quarter, who for some years have chosen to go bareheaded, have now declared in favour of the old phaluche, an outsize in berets, generally of black velvet, which they adorn with lucky tokens

EVERYBODY'S WEARING IT: Students processing through the streets, many of them in the phaluche, the traditional type of headgear they have lately brought back into favour

AL BROWN—ARTIST: The coloured boxer putting the finishing touches to an impression of himself drawn by a student at the Winter Velodrome. The stadium is a popular resort of artists who go there to sketch the athletes in training



BOULEVARDIERS: Students at one of their favourite cafés in the Boulevard St. Michel; a pleasant resort on these cheerful spring days. In the distance is the Sorbonne Church

ICHABOD! *Above and inset*—Slowly but surely the traces of the great Paris Exhibition, which brought the whole world flocking to the French capital in 1937, are disappearing. Here we see the Soviet Pavilion in its present state of demolition with the heads of the two colossal figures that once surmounted it detached and placed ignominiously on the ground for removal

TUNIS and

A FRENCH OFFICIAL VISIT TO A ROMAN SITE IN TUNISIA: A picture that provides an interesting reminder of ancient Rome's link with this African land in which the Rome of today is manifestly interested

"WHAT next, O Duce?" Another little war, apparently, or, rather, a conceivably big one this time.

Whether or not Signor Mussolini did actually refer to "the third victorious campaign in which I will lead you" is to a certain extent immaterial. He did pointedly aver that the offensive was the best method of defence—presumably against people supposedly piling up armaments in order to bar the way in their own time. He did say he was spending the greater part of each day studying war, that he would tolerate only the Fascist peace, and that he himself would take command.

What ought not to be forgotten is that if this man struts boastfully he converts words into actions when pressed. Also that circumstances have taken a favourable, not to say enticing, turn for him at a time when the strain upon the Italian people, and not only financially, must be approaching the "cannot go on for ever" phase.

There has naturally been speculation as to where Mussolini may be contemplating striking. Against whom is not so difficult: Either Britain or France, there being no others in sight. Reflecting on Mussolini's claim that Italy now possesses the strongest submarine fleet in the world, Viscount Cecil deduces that "it is difficult to see against whom submarine strength can be directed unless it is against this country." Surely that is hasty reasoning? Could not Italy's submarine fleet be a mammoth thorn in France's side as she strove to maintain contact with North Africa, as she sought to bring her African troops to France or to send French troops across in support to Africa?

That Mussolini has had night and day before him the problem of whom to attack first, is tolerably certain. He has to weigh many factors, such as how much of France would go to Britain's support and vice versa. Would either go to the other's support if the war were kept clear of the European Continent? Would the French conscript "march" if the soil of the *patrie* were left inviolate and if the Fascist blow fell only on Britain in the Eastern Mediterranean? Would a divided Britain move to the aid of France if the Fascist blow fell only upon French North Africa? The then Mr. Baldwin opined that the Rhine was Britain's frontier. He didn't mention Tunis as being so.

Is it fantasy to picture Mussolini, having hermetically sealed the Alps behind him, facing with flashing sword the Carthage that once was the granary of Rome? Would even France, her sorely riven Third Republic, rush unitedly to the defence of African sands if the soil of the *patrie* itself were not assailed? Are there not so many Fascists in France, and so many others who, after the turn of events permitted to come about in Spain, might be wholly disinclined to die for French imperial dominion across the sea?

On the face of it, Tunis does look to be the most likely area for the threatened war of quick decisions. Having digested the above political considerations, you have only to consult the map to appreciate how singularly well placed is Mussolini for a sudden and shattering blow; and in addition to this there requires to be taken into account both the bitter unrest of the native Tunisians and the extraordinary size of the Italian population locally.

M. Daladier, French Defence Chief, is known to lean to the view that any Fascist war upon France would probably be waged as far as feasible in Africa, and that the Italian effort would be to restrict aggression in Europe to the bombing of the French civilian population. The sealing of the Alpine passes does not weaken such conception.

The Tunisian solution to the conundrum set by Mussolini, if accepted, is best examined under two heads: the military, and the local and social.

How might Mussolini attack?

The Second Marshal of the Empire, who would have the campaign personally in hand (the revival of the African Roman Empire is known to be his dream of dreams), could assail Tunisia or the communications therewith simultaneously from four points of the compass, in three cases from quite short range.

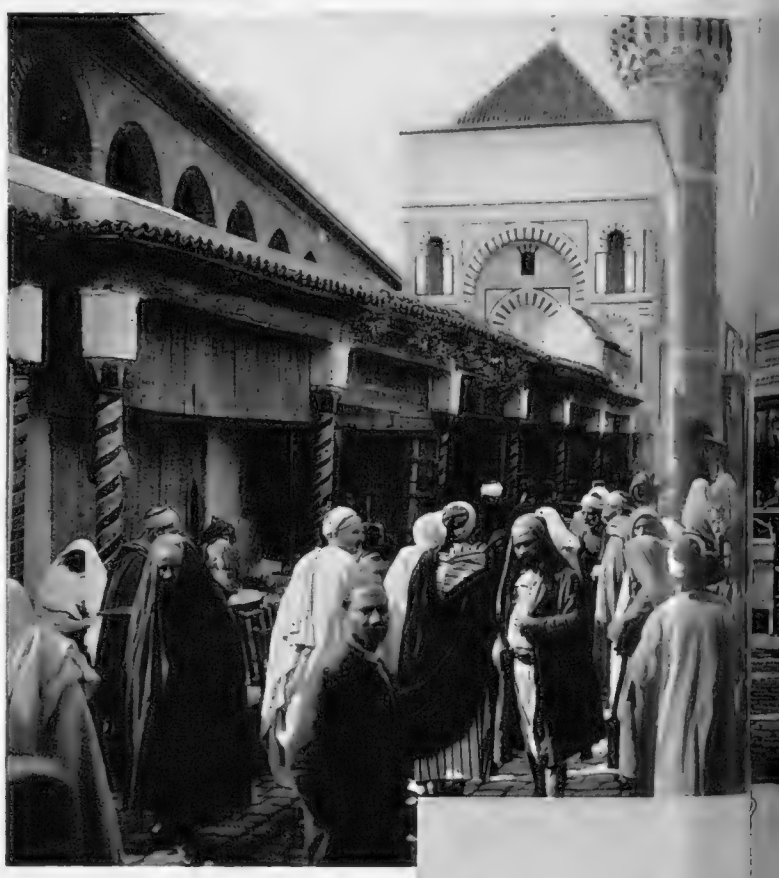
From the Balearics and from Sardinia, submarines and bombers could permanently attack the processional fleet of shipping that France would have to dispatch to Tunis (or Algiers) with men, munitions, and supplies, from Marseilles (bombed) and from Toulon (bombed). From Sardinia, the great naval bastion of Bizerta, barely a 100 miles distant, could be copiously bombed. Southern Sardinia has as many aerodromes as its wild and mountainous contours will allow.

From Sicily, 80 miles away, would come the main attack from overseas. Some months ago I described in THE SPHERE the naval and military air bases that succeed one another along the southern Sicilian coast from Trapani round to Agrigenio. I have flown across to Tunis and you have only to fly half-an-hour or so—of course, it would be much less in a fast bomber—to realise how absurdly close is the African coast. Cap Bon appears on the horizon almost as swiftly as Cap Gris Nez from mid-Kent. And to your left, on a clear day, is the menacing rocky islet of Pantelleria.

Would the Second Marshal land an expeditionary force in Tunisia, from Sicily, banking on the narrow seas being kept sufficiently clear by above and below water craft, specialised to the work, and by bombers? Recollect that last year's manœuvres in this region produced a submarine barrage said to have reached right across to Tunis.

Fourthly there is Marshal Balbo, long itching to get busy in some direction, from Libya. Compared with what Balbo possesses in the way of an homogeneous land and air command, the French hold the Tunis-Libya frontier perilously lightly. When I was at Sousse some years back there was only the 3rd Cavalry Regt. of the Foreign Legion. Reinforcements have been sent up since, yet how many? The French are also hastily throwing up a fortified line with immense wire entanglements tailing off into the desert, similar to those long ago constructed by Balbo.

The Marshal is known to have at least 40,000 white troops on the spot, including one motorised division, together with many thousand seasoned Askaris. Provided Italy could keep the Sicily-Tripoli sector of the Mediterranean reasonably safe, Balbo could count on many more troops from Naples or Taranto. Shipping divisions to Libya and taking them back again has,



A MARKET PLACE IN TUNIS: The native people have many grievances against France and these, unfortunately, are being eagerly fostered, as Mr. Tuohy points out in the accompanying article

DUSKY GUARDIANS OF COLONIAL FRANCE: An upstanding pair of Spahis, belonging to one of the crack cavalry regiments recruited in Tunisia

THE ADMIRALTY, BIZERTA: "The co... "French effort would be concentra... Line of Tunisia' has been construc... Tunis city and in Bizerta combi... The Italian population of Tunis

the DUCE

Is it Fantasy to Picture Mussolini, Marshal of Empire, Facing with Flashing Sword the Carthage that Once was the Granary of Rome?

Asks FERDINAND TUOHY

indeed, become such a favourite exercise that there should be small hitch.

French defence of Tunisia would be very difficult unless she got command of the sea, with or without us. There is a railway running into Tunis from Algeria, along which France could dispatch her Senegalese, Moors, Arabs, Berbers. Her standing North African army counts 5,120 officers and 118,811 men. Conscription could possibly expand these figures to 300,000. Yet would the conscripts be reliable, eaten by Pan-Islamism, as they are, and could even the majority of the Regulars be spared in current turbulent conditions from their vital policing duties in Algeria, Morocco, and beyond? How far, too, could those decisive fighters, the Foreign Legion, be drawn upon?

The risk attendant upon continuously convoying troops and material across from France to Africa has been noted. In addition, one has to ask—how far could France safely draw upon her home standing army of 29,478 officers and 642,397 men? And how ready might worker conscripts be, in present France, to go and fight in Africa?

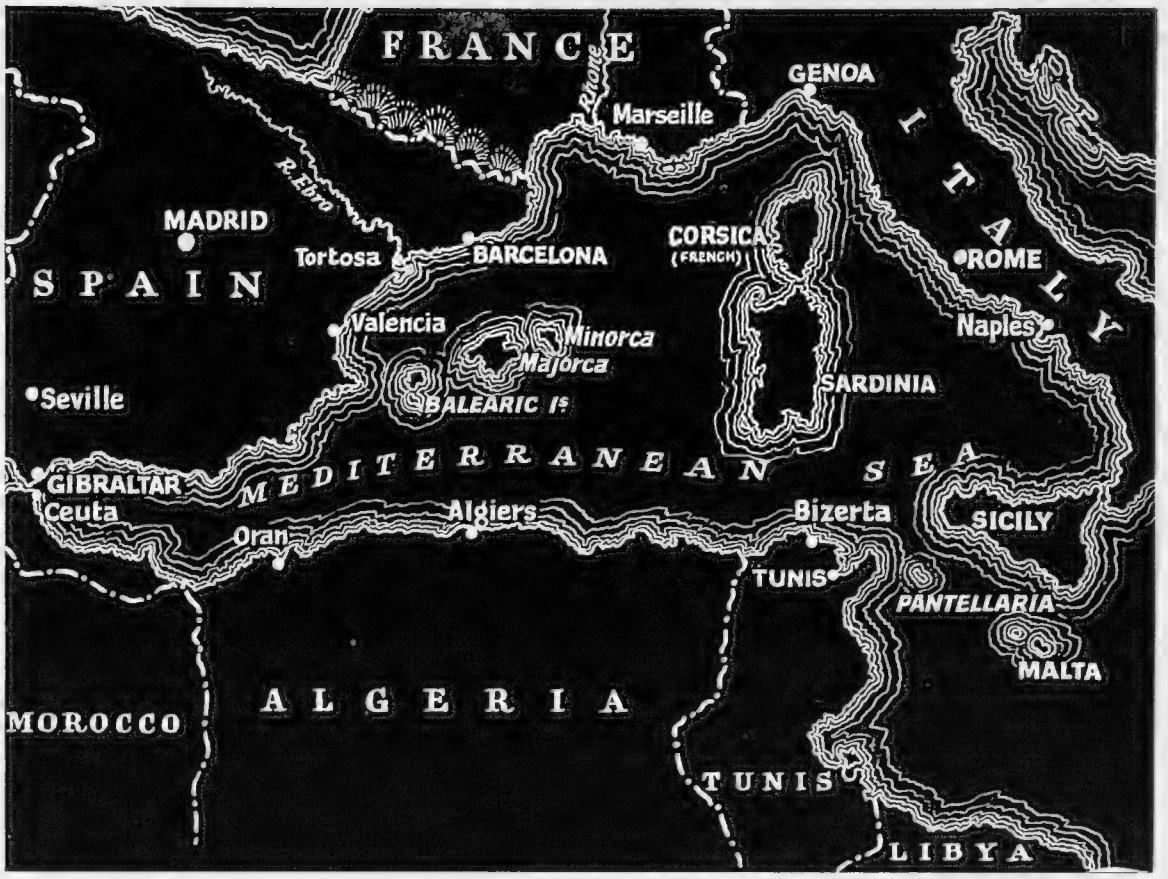
The French defensive effort would be concentrated upon preserving at all hazards the crucial base of Bizerta. To this end, what is called locally "the Maginot Line of Tunisia" has been constructed. It runs from Bizerta to Ben Gardane and is well camouflaged. In Tunis city and in Bizerta combined, the French maintain one division numbering about 22,000. The local air force is tiny compared with that which might oppose it at the critical start.

Passing to the native scene, to social conditions in the Protectorate, it cannot be said that the French position is rosy. Mussolini's legions would be straining, if strain they did, for a bitterly discontented dependency and one moreover positively teeming with Italian-born colonists, the youth among whom could be relied on to bellow "Duce! a noi!" with the most strident.

The 1931 census showed 91,427 French and 91,178

(*Continued on page* 132)

Tunisian base upon the defence of which," says Ferdinand Tuohy, in time of crisis. To this end, what is called locally 'the Maginot It runs from Bizerta to Ben Gardane and is well camouflaged. In the French maintain one division numbering about 22,000." should be noted, is now very considerably greater than the French



THE TROUBLED WATERS OF THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN: A sketch map showing the nearness of Italy to Tunis, which forms the subject of the accompanying article by Ferdinand Tuohy who discusses Signor Mussolini's aspirations on the African mainland. Bizerta is the most strongly fortified Tunisian town, but the French arrangements for defending the colony are not impressive. Midway between Tunis and Sicily is the much-discussed island of Pantelleria

WHAT OF PANTELLERIA?

Italy's Volcanic Island a Subject of Eager Speculation

The Italian-owned island of Pantelleria, lying midway between Tunis and Sicily, was lately the subject of dramatic statements in the Press regarding the way in which it was being fortified and, as such, it is interesting to look into the nature of this place, which is wholly of volcanic formation, is covered with forest and fruit trees, and abounds with springs.

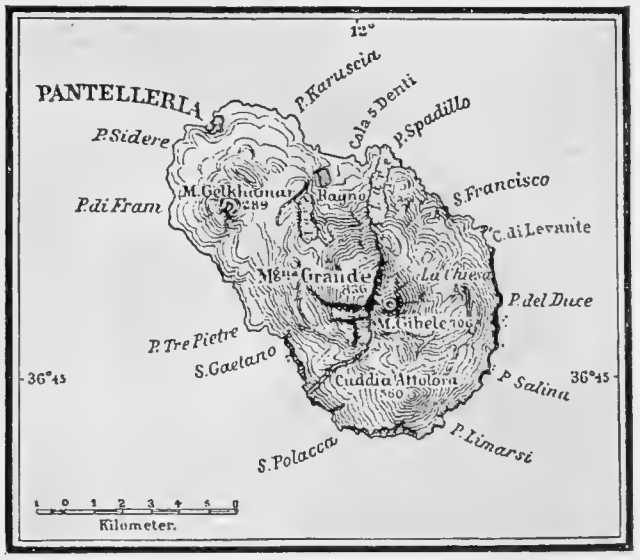
VESUVIUS, Stromboli, Lipari, Vulcano, Etna; Messina, rising on the ashes of its dead self, as it has risen more than once before; Sicily, insecure to its very foundations. A linked chain. And so out beyond, to sea; to a crop of reefs and shoals which to every successive five-yearly hydrographic sounding show successively changing depths. Now rising till almost awash, and the seas breaking on them; now disappearing until all but untraceable; and, again, shooting up to life clear of the water, and for a period belching angrily: smoke, lava, ashes, scoriae, and other discourtesies, before sinking out of sight for a generation-long sleep. From which, turning uneasily, they presently rise, and begin the whole hate all over again.

Now, the ease with which our school-knowledge deserts us is notorious, in no matter more marked than in geography. And were 100 normal and educated men to be set down at a table—to each a pencil and a large sheet of paper—told to shut their eyes and, quickly, to draw an outline of the Mediterranean, safe it is to say that ninety of them would sketch-in a slightly dumb-bell-shaped, bulbous, blunted, practically featureless squashed sausage on an east-to-west axis, with possibly the "boot" of Italy added as afterthought embellishment. The general impression, length; with considerable and uneventful breadth. How many would think of, or correctly draw, a wasp-waist tilted upward and leftward, where Sicily on the one hand and the Tunis coast of Africa on the other approach each other at the short distance of 100 miles?

And here there rises another volcanic island; this time of comparatively imposing dimensions, and, as befits dignity, at any rate for the moment quiet and sleeping. Three times the area of Gibraltar, twice Gibraltar's height. Were it not for its neighbouring reefs and shoals and the unreliable currents which surge past them, the thronging ships would pass near enough for the island to be familiar by sight or by name to all of us; and Pantelleria, grim and forbidding, in the midmost fairway of our great imperial artery, would hardly have needed all the introduction we have given it.

Situated as it is, the island has claim to our attention, and to our memorising its details; 7½ miles long on its major axis, except at one narrow point it is sheer cliff-bound from deep water, and rises at the centre to an imposing peak 2,700 ft. above the sea: the culminating Montagna Grande. As an at any-rate temporarily extinct crater it should repay closer examination, which, however, is only feasible by landing at the tiny port at the north-west tip of the island: too shallow for anything larger than the local fishing boat; undredgeable in its rocky bottom, and therefore not to be developed for more important shipping; above all, provided with a population to whom the coming of a stranger bent on exploring their obviously thankless mountain would be matter for pointed and personal comment. The thing, in fact, would be too awkward. And there are those who, for possibly good enough reasons, ensure that the awkwardness remains a fixture.

In addition, and apart from the official discouragement of inquiry, intensified in the last two years, considerable superstition will obscure the answers to any questioning. On one point, the floor of the crater, little could be learnt for it is flooded with water to unplumbed depths.



MYSTERY ISLE? A sketch map of Italian-owned Pantelleria, a volcanic island, lying midway between Tunis and Sicily, which is less than 8 miles in length and has a central peak rising over 2,500 ft. There the Emperor Augustus banished his daughter, Julia, and there put to death Octavia, daughter of Messalina

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD REGIME lives on in Budapest, constantly nourished by such manifestations as the changing of the royal guard (depicted above) in the Regent's Palace and the strict observance of Court etiquette

HUNGARY: THE MONARCHY WITH THE VACANT THRONE

By George Martelli

AFTER Austria, Czechoslovakia. After Czechoslovakia, what? If there is one country which is watching events in Central Europe more closely than others it is Hungary—a country which in the last few years must have been visited by many thousands of English people.

The Hungarians are an hospitable people and they are especially anxious to please foreigners. Their country is cheap to live in and has unusual charm, much of it being still in a relatively primitive stage. But these qualities alone would not explain its popularity with the British public. The fact is that the English go abroad for change. Unlike the French, who are always looking for their own reflection, the English traveller seeks a contrast with his own way of life. Short of the Balkans, which are still too far afield for the average tourist, nowhere on the Continent is this contrast so striking as in Hungary.

One of the curses of the post-war world is its uniformity. Thanks to her strong sense of tradition Hungary has largely escaped it. She has, for instance, although swept by revolution, preserved the principle of the monarchy. The fact that her neighbours, that is the members of the Little Entente, will not tolerate the return of the Habsburgs, has strengthened rather than weakened the royalist movement. The head of the State is the Regent, and his title is a continual reminder of the vacancy of the throne. There is nothing like ceremonial for keeping alive an idea, and the spirit of the old regime is constantly nourished by such manifestations as the changing of the royal guard, the wearing of brilliant uniforms, and the strict observance of Court etiquette.

THE VACANT THRONE in the royal Palace is yet another reminder that Hungary is a monarchy with a vital royalist movement

Its position on the Danube makes Budapest a delightful place to visit. All that is old or interesting historically is contained in the ancient town of Buda. Here are the Coronation Church, the royal Palace, government buildings, and foreign Embassies. Its narrow streets have the pleasant atmosphere of dignified decay. They are almost deserted, and one can admire at leisure the baroque mansions once occupied by the Magyar nobility, but now largely converted into flats, which in many cases are no more than tenements.

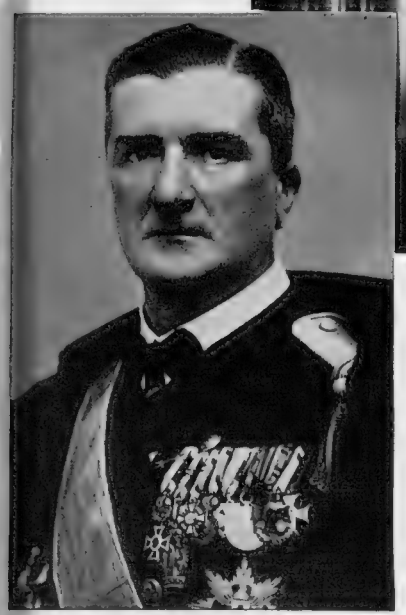
Pest, on the other side of the river, is the modern part of the capital—modern, that is, in the sense that it was largely created in the prosperous days of the last century. The streets are wide and well laid out and the buildings solid. Like the Paris of Baron Haussmann, Pest gives the impression of having been planned in one piece. Like Paris, too, parts of it now look somewhat out of date. The boulevards are slightly shabby and seem to have been constructed on a more ambitious scale than their real importance justified. Like the big blocks of commercial buildings which line them, they have too much the air of a façade; and you have only to penetrate inside, or turn off down a side street, to discover how superficial these appearances are. As in every capital, even the poorest, there is, of course, in Budapest a smart quarter. In the Vaci Utca, which is the Bond Street of the town, you can buy Tyrolese hats, shoes of chamois leather, and jewellery, better of its kind and cheaper than you would get in London, Paris, or Vienna. At eight o'clock in the evening the shops are all open and the street is so crowded that people walk in the road. The Hungarian women dress charmingly, and the men, as an English tourist remarked in a burst of naive enthusiasm, "hardly look like foreigners at all"

GAY UNIFORMS, worn by the officers of the Crown, Parliament, and Life Guards, help to maintain Budapest's traditional atmosphere which, by some miracle, has survived revolution and other potent post-war influences

WOMEN OF MEZOKOVESD trooping from chur in Hungary of tradition, seemingly untouched by tin in

BY THE DARK, BROODING WATERS OF THE DANUBE: The Parliament House, Budapest; a huge limestone edifice in the late Gothic style

The night life of Budapest enjoys a certain reputation, which one suspects is somewhat exaggerated. It is true that there are a surprising number of night clubs considering the size of the population, but this circumstance is due chiefly to the increase in the tourist traffic. There is nothing characteristically Hungarian about these places. They are identical with a hundred others to be found in Paris, London, and Berlin. They will do as a pastime, but they tell you nothing new about anything, unless it is the excellence of the gipsy orchestras.



HOLDING THE FORT: Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya who, after the abortive Soviet revolution of 1919, became Regent of Hungary, an office he has continued to fill with dignity and distinction ever since

The claim of Budapest to be the greatest spa in the world is probably justified; with its 80 thermal springs, 9 therapeutic bathing establishments, and 400 bitter springs, it certainly has no rival in Europe. Outdoor bathing plays the same part in the life of the Hungarians as the hot bath plays in modern Japan or as the *thermae* did in ancient Rome. Baths with artificial waves, effervescent baths, mud baths, sulphur baths, Turkish baths, and every kind of medicinal treatment, can all be enjoyed at very small cost. Swimming is a favourite sport, and it was not at all surprising that an Hungarian was champion in the Olympic Games.

The capital of a country is only a reflection, and not always a true reflection, of the nation. At Mezokovesd, a small town 100 miles east of Budapest, one sees something of the traditional Hungary. This place is renowned for the beautiful costumes worn by the peasants, and the time to see them is after mass on Sunday morning. As the girls emerge from church they form a long procession, which proceeds slowly up the main street, while the men stand aside in little groups and look on. The long white skirt and brilliantly embroidered jacket is gradually dying out among the men, but some of them still wear an ornamental apron over their black breeches and top boots. The women's dresses, which they make themselves, are as brilliant as ever, and the different categories — virgin, young married woman, matron, widow—are distinguished by variations in the headdress. The weekly church parade is an event of great social importance, as it affords a betrothed couple the opportunity of inspecting each other (at a distance) which otherwise they would not be allowed until the day of their marriage. Even then the couple are not supposed to sleep in the same house; mothers, aunts and cousins patrol the bridal chamber, and the husband is expected to show great cunning in evading the cordon.

THE HUNGARIAN LAFAYETTE: Budapest's memorial to Louis Kossuth, the patriot who in 1849 attempted to throw off the Austrian yoke and, by his fiery eloquence, raised a national force of 200,000 men. But for his military inexperience the cause might well have prospered

in their picturesque national costumes with voluminous, gaily coloured skirts. In this village one sees the rural in any essentials. Each woman wears a characteristic head-dress to denote whether she is a matron or maid

The Hungarian countryside is partly cultivated and partly pasture. Though Hungary is known as the "granary of Europe," the raising of livestock, especially horses, is an important industry. The horses, many of which are wild, are best seen on the *putza*. This is an immensely wide and sparsely inhabited plain, famous for its mirages. Though you may not be lucky enough to see one, there is a great fascination in the vast and empty landscape, stretching away in endless flatness until its edge is lost in the pale mists generated by the simmering heat.

It is impossible to conclude this brief description without a reference to Hungarian propaganda. As everyone knows, Hungary came worse out of the war than any of the defeated nations. By the Treaty of Trianon she lost two thirds of her territory and a not much inferior percentage of her population. Too weak to emulate Germany and take the law into her own hands, she has spent millions of money and a great deal of energy in appealing to the sympathy of the world. Most of these efforts have been concentrated on Britain and this explains, no doubt, why British visitors have always been made so welcome.

DOMINATING ALL is Lerida's castle which rises sheer above the town and part of which was in former times used as a cathedral. When General Franco's men entered Lerida a fierce struggle developed for possession of these heights, and the Government forces did not capitulate until the infantry of the Morocco Army Corps scaled the slopes and began savage hand-to-hand fighting. This picture, together with the others on this page, is by Frank L. Emanuel who visited Lerida before the civil war

LERIDA: THE KEY TO CATALONIA

An Artist's Impression of the Picturesque Town which Fell into Insurgent Hands on April 3

THE CASTLE HEIGHTS up which the Moorish infantry, exposed to devastating fire, dashed to the attack before dislodging the Government troops and thus securing this key town of Catalonia

"EVERYTHING of interest may be seen in two hours" runs the cryptic guide-book reference to Lerida, and maybe this is so in the eyes of the modern high-speed sightseer. Even though Lerida's architecture, save for the castle, is undistinguished, it is a place of deep historic interest and Frank L. Emanuel, the artist who drew the accompanying pictures, found, also, much that was pleasant in its atmosphere during a stay there before the outbreak of the civil war.

Lerida's recent capture by General Franco is only one of many incidents in its long and crowded history. It was, for instance, held for Pompey by Afranius and Petreius until they were out-generalled by Caesar; while in 1640 it declared for Louis XIII and was taken by Philip IV in person after an unsuccessful siege by General Leganes.

The Grand Condé found himself unable to recapture the place in 1644, but Berwick and Orleans took and sacked it in the War of Succession in the next century.

In the Peninsular war the citadel was induced to surrender by Suchet who drove the defenceless townsfolk on to the glacis where they were exposed to the fire of both sides.

Lerida's Cathedral Antigua, or old cathedral, which lies within the castle, was begun in 1203 by Pedro II, and remains for the most part a fine example of the transitional style from Romanesque to Gothic, with magnificent vestiges of the Byzantine and semi-Moorish architecture of Spain. It has not been used for services for over two centuries, having been converted into a barracks because, it is said, the amply proportioned members of the priesthood found the daily 300 ft. climb from the town to the Citadel far too energetic a business. The cathedral has three naves.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE MARKET PLACE: The bustling heart of Lerida, the Catalonian town which to-day resembles but a shadow of its former self with many of its solidly built business houses razed to the ground by the ceaseless insurgent bombardment which preceded the town's fall. It has a normal population of about 38,000 inhabitants and consists mainly of two long streets running parallel with the Rio Segre and intersected by steep lanes descending from the fortress hill 300 ft. above. Compare this picture with that on page 107

FRANCO'S DRIVE on CATALONIA and the SEA

Another Vital Phase is Reached in the Spanish Civil War

STORMED AT BY SHOT AND SHELL: The bodies of slain soldiers in the Calle Mayor, one of the main streets of Lerida, after General Franco's troops had at length captured this big town of Catalonia. The picture was taken at exactly the same spot as that drawn by Frank L. Emanuel and reproduced at the foot of page 106 of this issue. The two aspects of the same place provide an interesting but very pitiful contrast

THE BRITISH NAVY PLAYS ITS PART: A boat mooring at one of the quays at Marseilles before landing Barcelona refugees from the British cruiser *Penelope*

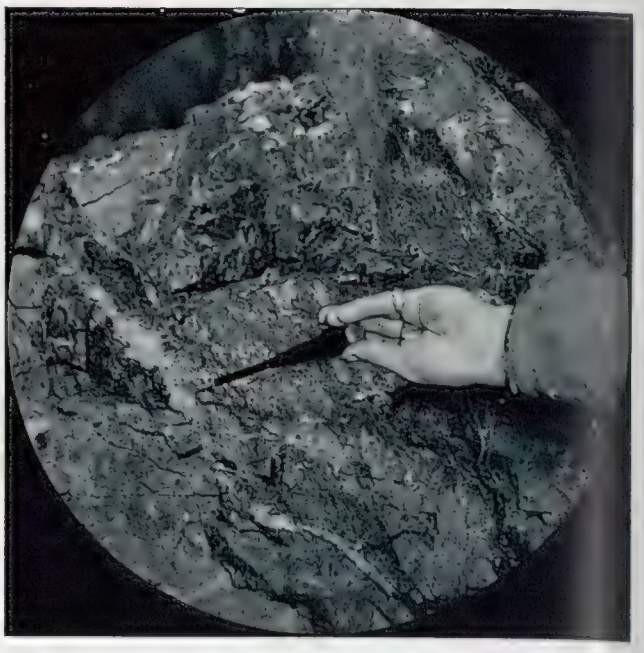
A BIG JOB FOR FRANCO'S ENGINEERS: Men engaged in building a 1,000 ft. long pontoon bridge across the river at Fraga, fifteen miles south-west of Lerida, after they had found the steel bridge (*on left*) had been completely wrecked by the retreating Government troops. The pontoon was built in just over eight hours—an engineering feat of considerable magnitude

WHERE ARAGON AND CATALONIA MEET: Insurgent troops, carrying their colours before them, passing before the town of Fraga as they entered a new province and began a new, and seemingly decisive, phase of the civil war. The insurgent advance was preceded by squadrons of bombers and fighting machines which wrought havoc among the Government troops, disorganising their system of defence and leaving them wide open against the continuous attacks of the infantry

CANADA'S ARCTIC RADIUM

Speeding Up Production to Meet the Needs of the World Market

THE CONGO'S ARCTIC RIVAL: This log cabin was the first to be built in the Eldorado camp on the shores of Great Bear Lake in Canada's far north where some years ago miners began exploiting the rich radium-bearing reefs. To-day a thriving mining township has risen there, and the Dominion is producing three grammes of precious radium a month valued at £15,000 on the world market



IN A PROSPECTOR'S DREAMLAND: A vein of radium-bearing ore in the immensely rich Great Bear Lake region of Canada's Arctic

EXTRACTING RADIUM: Two scenes at the big Port Hope Refinery, where the ore from the northern mines is dealt with. *Above*—The evaporation process and (*on left*) a masked worker pouring concentrate into a mixer

SEVEN years ago prospector Gilbert La Bine flew over Great Bear Lake on the Arctic Circle in Canada's northland, saw some dark seams in the rock below, and later that year trekked in by plane and dog team to stake the first radium mine in the British Empire.

To-day at a refinery at Port Hope, Ontario, 4,000 miles distant from the mine on Great Bear Lake, prospector La Bine's Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd., is producing upwards of 3 grammes of precious radium a month, and has cut the price of radium from 70,000 dollars a gramme charged for Belgian Congo radium to 25,000 dollars a gramme for Canadian Arctic Circle radium.

To-day the shores of Great Bear Lake are covered with mining camps, for a rush followed La Bine's radium discovery. Silver, gold, copper and radium bearing pitchblende come from Great Bear Lake to-day in ever growing quantities by boat and aeroplane.

Smoke from many mining mills rises skyward on the shores of the 12,000-sq. mile lake, and towns have sprung up in what was barren wilderness six years ago. Oil wells have been located nearby and a pipeline is now being laid in this remote area to supply fuel oil for the machinery of the Great Bear Lake mines.

At the Eldorado mine, 26 miles south of the Arctic Circle, tunnels have been bored deep into the ground, mine railway tracks have been laid under the frozen ground, and over a hundred miners work under the ground the year round. Log cabins and cottages have been built to house the men and the families of the engineers in charge. Boats which were brought overland in sections ply the lake with bags of radium concentrate and supplies, and in winter a plane carries the concentrate southward for 1,500 miles to Edmonton for rail shipment to Port Hope. Canada's Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, was a recent aerial visitor to the radium mines and, by all accounts, was deeply impressed by all he saw.

From tunnels which already reach 500 ft. below the ground the pitchblende is sent to the surface in mine elevators. A crusher and mill break up the ore, gather 1,000 ounces of silver a day from the ore, and dry the residue with its radium and uranium salts in bags for shipment to the Port Hope refinery. At the Port Hope plant chemical processes have been developed to obtain the radium in the quickest and cheapest manner from the concentrate shipped south from the mine. It takes 20 tons of chemicals to produce one gramme of radium from $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons of pitchblende. Many by-products are obtained in the chemical process, chief of which is uranium. At several stages the men have to be specially protected against radio action. And the final residue is stored at the plant, for it contains minerals at present of little value, but likely to be valuable when science finds uses for them.

It has taken several years to bring the production of radium to its present rate of three grammes a month. Constantly the process is speeded up. First production was less than half a gramme a month. In the near future when plant extensions have been completed plans call for double the present monthly production, for the call for Arctic radium is far in excess of the present supply, while at the mine diamond drills have not yet found the end of radium bearing veins which become wider the deeper the drills go.

James Montagnes

DECANTING RADIUM from a crucible into a glass tube for weighing after extraction from pitchblende at the Port Hope Refinery, Ontario, where all radium-bearing ore mined in the Great Bear Lake region is treated. *On left*—Radium crystals at the refinery

BLACK HORSE TROOPERS OF NEW YORK STATE

American Counterpart of the Canadian Mounties

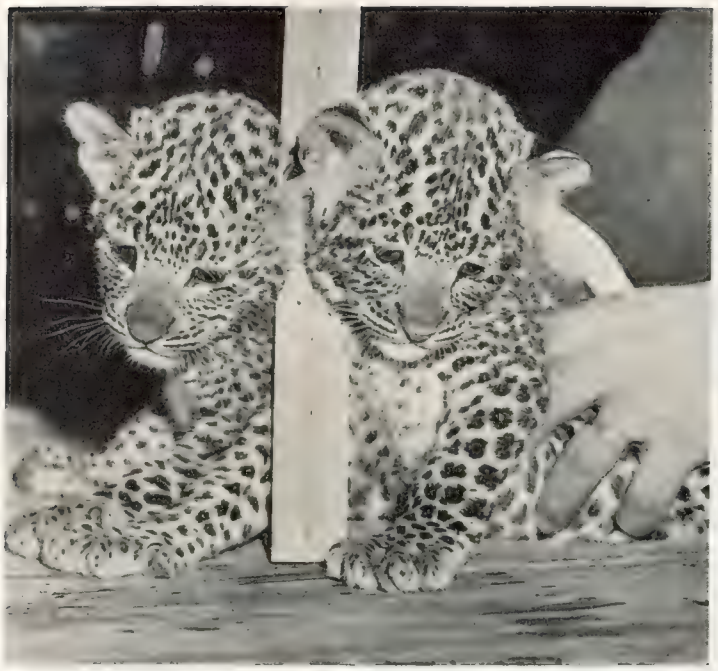
ON SNOW-SHOE PATROL: A special section of the New York Police patrols the Adirondack mountains under conditions of loneliness in remarkable contrast to the advanced civilisation in other parts of the State. *Above on right*—Captain Broadfield out on patrol with a sergeant armed with rifle

OUT ON RELIEF: The work of the Black Horse Troopers is not only concerned with tracking criminals but includes general aid to anyone in distress during the hard winter months

WITH BLOODHOUNDS AS AN AID: Tough characters who seek this lonely district to evade the law find that these New York Mounted Police are efficiently aided by their canine assistants which are specially trained for tracking down the criminal in this wild and (in winter) deserted area

PROTECTING PROPERTY: A corporal and a trooper examining a summer camp in order to safeguard property during the winter months. *On right*—Two corporals mounted on black steeds. These men often encounter severe blizzards when all trails are obliterated

FOR ANIMAL AND BIRD LOVERS



MEASURING THE WEEKLY INCH: These two London Zoo leopard cubs, abandoned soon after birth by their mother, Ruby, were saved by Nannie, a dog from the Dudley Zoo, who acted as foster mother. They are now ten weeks old and growing at the rate of an inch a week

FOLLOW-MY-LEADER ON MONKEY HILL: This part of the Zoo has always been a favourite with visitors and the antics of the new inhabitants, the Rhesus monkeys, are adding very considerably to its popularity. This view gives a good idea of their ceaseless pranks

A REDOUBTABLE MASCOT: A very fitting pet for a military force is this wild boar which is on the strength of the Alpine Chasseurs, the famous mountain force of the French Army. The boar is sufficiently old and consequently mild-mannered to be allowed great freedom of movement

NEWS PICTURE WORKERS OF THE U.S.A.: These clever homing pigeons form part of the st of Acme News Pictures Inc. Fully harnessed, they carry on their backs little containe in which are deposited the films taken by the photographers. This knapsack arran ment is held to be a great improvement on the leg attachment formerly in general u

THE CHIMP TEA-PARTY OUT FOR A STROLL: Gertie, Babu, George, and Jubilee are the new members of the famous Zoo tea-party quartette. They are being taught to be civil to one another during strolls through the grounds as no quarrels are allowed during performances

A NESTING TRAGEDY ONCE AGAIN: The question whether Min, the Zoo's Sociable Vulture, would hatch out her solitary egg has been engaging the attention of the authorities for some weeks past. Optimism was not prevalent, as no successful incubation has yet occurred. The vexed question was settled recently by the disappearance of the egg. This fine study by Mr. J. B. Parkes, F.Z.S., shows Min standing over the ill-fated egg while Bill, her mate, is perched above. The disappearance of the egg is the more regrettable owing to the care the birds had expended on the nest which was cunningly woven out of eleven birch brooms

HOLY WEEK *and the* HOLY LAND : In the Garden of Gethsemane : Ecclesiastical Tiles from the Church of St. James : The Place of Sepulchre

"AND THEY CAME TO A PLACE WHICH WAS NAMED GETHSEMANE; AND HE SAITH TO HIS DISCIPLES, SIT YE HERE, WHILE I SHALL PRAY": This is the garden, one of the most hallowed spots in all the Holy Land, that was the scene of Christ's agony. A picture taken while it was under snow in February. The garden is at the foot of Mount Olivet, on the east slope of the Kedron Valley, and rather more than half a mile from Jerusalem

WAS THIS THE PLACE OF SEPULCHRE? This Garden Tomb, adjoining Gordon's Calvary just outside the walls of Jerusalem, is believed by many to have been the scene of the burial of Christ following the Crucifixion, while others still strongly advance the claims of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

"HE IS RISEN"! This tile, which was one of a series made at Kutahia, Asia Minor, in the 18th century and now adorns a wall of the Church of St. James, Jerusalem, shows the two Marys coming to the empty tomb of Christ

THE RESURRECTION: Christ above the tomb, as represented in another of the tiles made at Kutahia, Asia Minor, and now adorning a wall of the Church of St. James at Jerusalem. Each of the thirty tiles in existence illustrates some phase of Holy Week and their workmanship is primitive but interesting. They date from the time of the separation of the Greek and Armenian churches

KEY TO THE EASTERN WORLD: A cargo vessel viewed from the air as she passes through the Suez Canal, that great artery of commerce which is doubly in the news at the moment in view of the rearrangement and strengthening of the British Air Force's system of defending the zone and in view of the report that the assurance of freedom of navigation through the canal in times of peace and war is a dominating clause of the proposed new Anglo-Italian pact. Suez to-day has special importance to Italy, as it is a vital link in the chain of her communications with the new colony of Abyssinia. *Below*—Planes flying low over a cargo steamer on its way through the "cut"

Wings *over* Suez: R.A.F. Machines in the Canal Zone, the Defence of Which Has Lately Been Much Strengthened

THE CANAL ENTERS LAKE TIMSAH: Another aerial view showing how the "cut" debouches on to a stretch of water of about 5½ square miles in area halfway along its course from Port Said to the Gulf of Suez. Under the convention signed in 1888 by Britain, Germany, Spain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia, and Turkey the canal is always open in peace and war, and it is this undertaking that Britain and Italy may now re-affirm

MORE ASPECTS OF THE "CUT": *Above*—A view from a high altitude that brings home clearly the smallness of the canal in relation to the surrounding desert and, what is just as notable, in relation to its own vital commercial importance. *Right*—A plane flying over the pink granite Gebel-Mariam monument erected by the Suez Company to commemorate the successful defence of the canal against the Turkish attack in 1915. The zone is now better protected than ever by British machines, particularly since some of our latest speedy bombers and fighters of high performance have been sent out from England to do duty there under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty

GREEK, ROMAN, AND CISTERCIAN ART IN NEW YORK

Important Acquisitions by the Metropolitan Museum—The Assembled Fragments of an Athenian Kylix by Tleson the Potter

A MASTERPIECE RE-ASSEMBLED: This Athenian black-figured kylix, a superb example of the potter's art dating from 550–530 B.C., has been put together with great ingenuity by ceramic experts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. About 1928 they acquired a few fragments which showed the nature of the cup, and now, after ten years, the missing pieces have by great good fortune been brought to light and fitted into place. The kylix bears on one side the representation of a cock and on the other (*as depicted on left*) a grazing deer. It is signed "Tleson, son of Nearchos"—a noted potter of the sixth century B.C.

AMONG the many important acquisitions lately made by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, are missing fragments which have made it possible to piece together the magnificent black-figured kylix, by Tleson, reproduced above.

Almost sixty cups by Tleson are known (some are mere fragments). He signed always with the verb εποιεσεν, "made it," not with εγραφσεν, "painted it." He therefore was a potter; and, to judge from his preserved output, a prolific one. Whether he also painted, as his father, Nearchos, did, we do not know. The artist who was responsible for the dainty pictures on Tleson's cups, the majority of which are obviously related in style, has been named for the sake of convenience the Tleson Painter. His work almost always has the precision of the cock and deer reproduced on this kylix.

The Nearchos proudly named by Tleson as his father was a distinguished potter and vase painter active about the middle of the sixth century. Four works with his signature are known—fragments of two splendid kantharoi in Athens, pieces of a little-master cup in Italy, and a beautifully preserved aryballos in this Museum. Another son, Ergoteles, is known from fragments of a little-master cup in Berlin.

This Nearchos may have been identical with "Nearchos the potter" who dedicated—perhaps about 530–510 B.C.—an imposing statue by Antenor on the Akropolis. If so, the family must have become well to do, presumably through their joint labours and the popularity of their wares.

A CINERARY URN MADE TO LOOK LIKE A WICKER BASKET: A marble receptacle of the Roman Imperial period which has recently been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by Mrs. Frederick E. Guest

The marble receptacle, also reproduced on this page, was presumably used as a cinerary urn. The suggestion has been made that urns of this pattern were replicas of the *cista mystica*, or covered basket of the Bacchic rite, and were used to hold the ashes of deceased *mystae*. This assumption is not unavoidable, however, since cylindrical baskets were in common daily use by the Romans, and a certain Eurysaces is on record as having interred the ashes of his wife *in hoc panario*, "in this breadbasket." If the object was intended for a cinerary urn, it may belong to the first or second century A.D., that is, before the custom of inhumation brought full-length sarcophagi into use.

A GEM OF CISTERCIAN ART CROSSES THE ATLANTIC: This building, known as the Old Abbey Room, was excavated at Pontau, south-western France, and has now been removed to America and set up in Fort Tryon Park, New York, by Mr. John D. Rockefeller as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It typifies the grandeur of early twelfth-century French architecture

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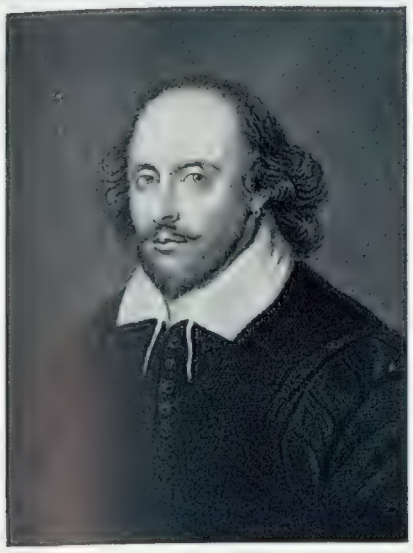
Shakespeare in the Cromwell Road

A Personal View of the "National Theatre"



WOULD SHAKESPEARE APPROVE? This is the question S. R. Littlewood asks when discussing the "National Theatre" project now coming into being in S. Kensington

With Shakespeare's birthday coming round again, the question has been recurring persistently to me—what would he think of that open space in South Kensington now challenging the western world just beyond Brompton Oratory with the flaming legend—"Site for the National Theatre"? What would be Shakespeare's own reaction? Would he say: "South Kensington! O speak to me no more! These words like daggers enter in mine ears." Or would he say: "Why, I am glad on't; this is as't should be."

I have a personal interest in the matter. It will be just thirty years next month since I rang up the late Ernest Carpenter, who was at that time running Shakespeare for popular prices—very successfully—at the Lyceum. "What about giving the Lyceum", I asked him, "for a meeting to decide whether or not we should have a theatre in London dedicated to Shakespeare." He answered, "By all means. The theatre is yours."

So the meeting was held, with the Earl of Lytton in the chair, and Matheson Lang—then leading man at the Lyceum—heading the stewards, who were actors all. After some four hours of impassioned oratory from a formidable array of enthusiasts, Bernard Shaw rose. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the subject is not exhausted, but we are. My views are those of the last speaker." This happened to have been a now-departed member of the L.C.C. He had devoted himself mainly to reminiscences of the Vokes family whom he had seen as a child in the Drury Lane pantomime.

Much has happened in between: the great war; Miss Baylis's splendid work at the Old Vic; the passing of Sir Herbert Tree, whose belief in a National Theatre was naturally in terms of His Majesty's, and that also of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson; the arrival of the "talkies" and of broadcasting; the building of the new Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. But with me the faith still endures. Shakespeare has still no theatre in his own London that we can point to and say: "This is the worthy House of Shakespeare—this is a theatre where you will see Shakespeare, played by the best actors and actresses his country can provide, and produced faithfully, according to a tradition that is above the need for 'stunts' and the pranks of inexperience."

If a theatre of this kind was needed in London thirty years ago, it is much more needed now. We are faced at the moment with a stage that has no acknowledged leader—a stage which has practically ceased to exist over at least half the provinces, and is systematically robbed of any promising young actors or actresses by the film. It even finds itself a secondary consideration in the "Music and Drama Bill" recently put forward for its presumed benefit. We want something just now to give dignity to the living and classic theatre.

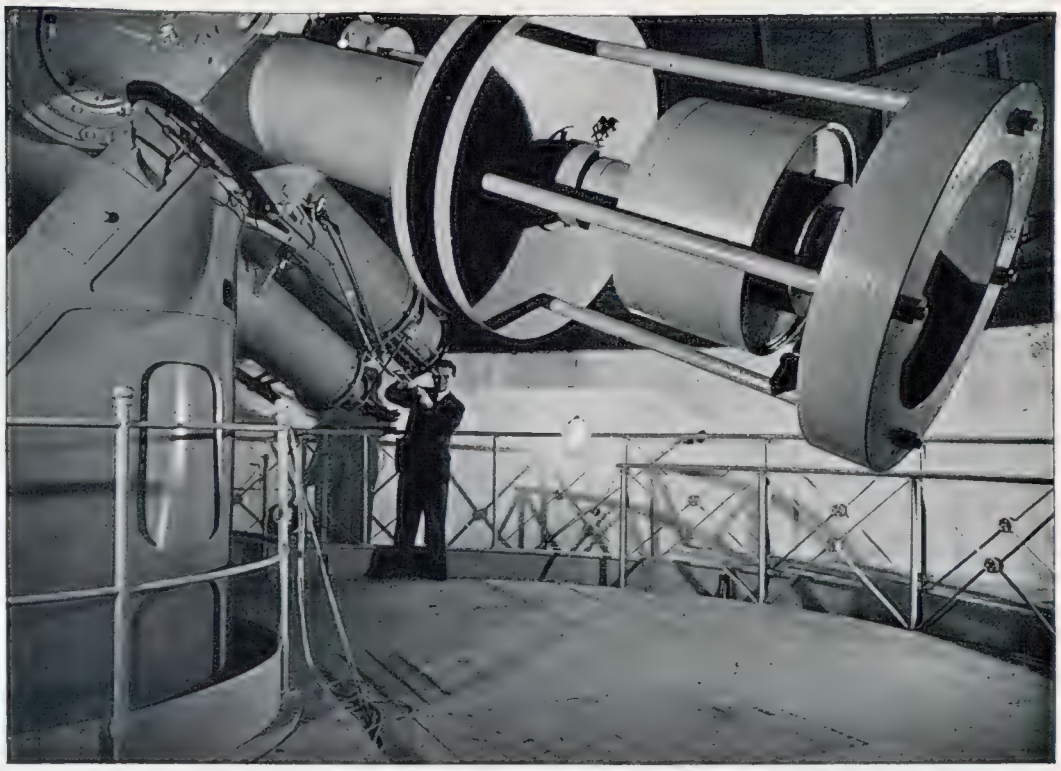
I feel pretty sure that the site is one which Shakespeare, who was used to pioneering for theatre-pitches, would have chosen. It is on what will undoubtedly be the Piccadilly of time to come—an island-site with broad roads all round it, not to mention a patch of grass, and thoroughly get-at-able by every means.

I feel that greyness has descended upon Cromwell Road too long. It is time we realised that the sun shines there more effectively than in many a supposedly gayer resort. It only needs some lighter and brighter presences in the way of architecture—as I sincerely hope the National Theatre will prove—to make of it one of London's happiest vistas. The designing will be a bit of a problem—as the theatre will have to face long-wise to the street, and there will be no room for secrets. But that is the architect's affair.

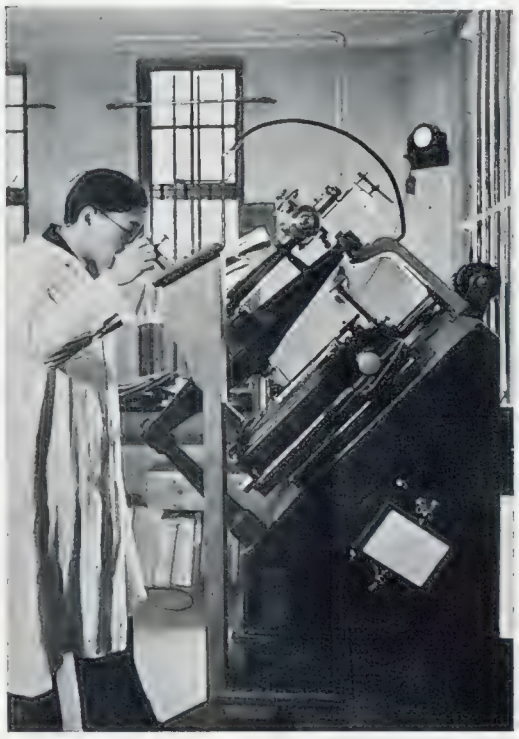
As for size, I don't in the least regret its not being the size of Drury Lane. Whatever else happens, it is primarily for Shakespeare; and Shakespeare in a big theatre has to be Shakespeare mangled—as Irving found at the Lyceum.

I see no reason against Drury Lane—our grand old Theatre Royal—being used for gala purposes and big shows. But a smaller theatre is needed to do the right work in the right way—for Shakespeare first and then for others. And I do not see any chance of this unless it has "national" support.

S. R. Littlewood



A MATTER OF PRECISION: The great counterweights seen in the foreground are employed in balancing the large-scale, double refractor telescope installed in the new University of London Observatory just completed at Mill Hill. By means of these weights minute adjustments can be made to the instrument which is one of the largest in use in this country. The Observatory, which has been organised with the help of the Radcliffe Trustees, Oxford, is right up to date in every particular, and promises to make valuable contributions to science



MORE WONDERS AT MILL HILL: *Left*—Viewing star photographs taken through the big telescope and (*right*) the hydraulic gear for raising and lowering the platform from which the astronomers carry out their observations

MEASURING STAR SPECTRA UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: An important phase of the work at the new London University Observatory. By examining the position and intensity of the spectral lines, followed by mathematical calculations, the astronomer obtains valuable knowledge regarding the chemical constituents of the stars

LONDON'S NEW OBSERVATORY COMPLETED AT MILL HILL

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VENICE provides a superb setting for Annie Vernay who plays the title role in the new French historical film *Tarakanova*, which Fedor Ozeh, who helped to make *Mayerling*, has been producing in Italy. Mlle Vernay, who is only 16, is one of Maurice Chevalier's discoveries

On left—EDMONDE GUY: This charming French star acts, sings, and dances with rare enchantment in the new French film *The White Nights of St. Petersburg* which has been lately enjoying a considerable success at the Madeleine Cinema, Paris

CAN one have too much humour in the theatre? Since the answer "No" would inevitably come in Handelian chorus—tenors, basses, sopranos shouting denial time and again and making a fugual finale out of it—I hesitate to take a different view. Besides, anyone who hinted that humour is not always and everywhere desirable might be accused of having no sense of it, and the average Englishman would rather be accused of murder than of lack of humour. Tell him that he is a drunkard, a thief, a forger, a wife-beater, and addicted to every known form of natural and unnatural vice and he will shrug his shoulders (although I would not bet on this as the invariable result, and a test might in some circumstances be dangerous). But tell him that he is constitutionally unable to see the point of a joke and he is your enemy for life.

One cannot, of course, have too much humour in a revue, musical comedy, farce, or pantomime. A fairly long-standing complaint of mine, however, is that our plays which are intended to be funny are not funny enough, and that our serious plays are funnier than serious plays should set out to be. The "comic relief" argument is, I grant, a sound and ancient one, which has distinguished precedent. Shakespeare put a comic porter into *Macbeth*, a fool into *King Lear*, and Osric in *Hamlet*. But Shakespeare, as did the Victorian writers of melodrama, put his comic relief into watertight compartments and never set out to make a murder a matter of merriment. Besides Shakespeare's clowns are to my mind so unfunny that it would not have made a scrap of difference if he had let them stray even into his most tragic episodes.

Your modern dramatist will frequently devise a situation of *macabre* horror and then scatter its effects to the winds by twisting a laugh into it somehow. He must at all costs be funny and if he can be funny about fatal poisoning, blood-bespattered clothing, headless corpses, and murder generally, so much the better from his point of view. It seems an odd point of view, but there you are. The grounds for it are, I imagine, that the brand of entertainment labelled "comedy-thriller" is now the vogue and that some of these make money. In one of them which has been running for months, a character is "killed" three times to a *crescendo* of mirth. I am aware that if the public likes this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they must have, and I am also aware that I have inveighed in the past, possibly over much, against the "comedy-thriller." None the less, this type of play is a hybrid whose popularity will almost certainly wane, particularly as the market has been for some time over-stocked.

Ghost for Sale at the Whitehall Theatre is only partly in this group. For one thing there are no murders in it, and nobody even performs that irresistibly funny process of dying a natural death on the stage. For another, the author, Mr. Ronald Jeans, has set out to write an amusing play and

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S LATEST: Cecil Parker in Gaumont-British-Gainsborough spy picture in style, directs a talented cast also including Redgrave, Paul Lukas, Basil Radford, Margaret

DRAMA

Can One Have Too Much Humour in the Theatre? Some Reflections on Seeing "Ghost For Sale": "The Drum," a first-rate British Film

By PHILIP PAGE

has in a large measure succeeded. Most of it is diverting as it is ingenious and there are some bright remarks. Yet there are two things that I regret and even resent. One is that Mr. Jeans, being so good a hand at inventing spooky situations and atmosphere, has spoiled both just for the sake of getting laughs; another is that hardly any use is made of that individual and attractive comedian Mr. A. E. Matthews, who, incidentally, can look and move in some miraculous fashion like an undergraduate in spite of the fact that reliable reference books inform me that he was born in 1869 and is therefore in his seventieth year. *Ghost for Sale* is well worth seeing as it is. But I fancy it would be still more worth seeing had its author made it deliberately an eerie play throughout and not a farcical comedy with eerie trimmings.

The story is of an ancient manor house in Hertfordshire which belonged to a younger brother who, being a writer, could not afford to run it. It was coveted by his elder brother, who, being a rich vulgarian, could. So the elder brother bribed the butler to bring off sundry bogus supernatural effects which scared his sister-in-law and secured the property for him. Then the bogies who were not bogus got to work, and for a while the house was full of suggestions of "ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggity beasties and of things that go 'boomp' in the night." These, admirably done, were made to culminate in farce again and in a merry ending. A pity, I think.

Mr. Matthews was poorly provided for as the poor brother and Mr. Evelyn Roberts more richly provided for as the rich one. Mr. Robert Eddison recorded another success — he was deliciously amusing some months ago as the stammering curate with Miss Diana Churchill in *Yes and No*—with another study of analytically amorous youth; Miss Betty Chancellor was both charming and what is the Irish equivalent of "pawky" and an excellent performance was that of Mr. Townsend Withing as the conspiring butler.

A FAIRY-TALE PROVIDES A BALLET THEME: A scene from Ninette de Valois' *Le Roi Nu*, based on the Hans Andersen story, "The Emperor's New Clothes," which was presented for the first time at Sadler's Wells last week. Robert Helpmann takes the part of the foolish monarch who dons the robes that are so delicate in texture as to be non-existent

MINISTERING ANGEL: Mrs. Carruthers (Valerie Hobson) dresses the wound of Prince Safeyd. An episode from *The Drum*, the Alexander Korda film of life on India's North West Frontier which had its world premiere a week or so ago at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square. Philip Page reviews the picture in this column

SUCCESS STORY: Playwright Thomas Browne, author of the Yvonne Arnaud - Ronald Squire success *Plan for a Hostess* may shortly have three of his plays running at the same time

The Drum (Film).

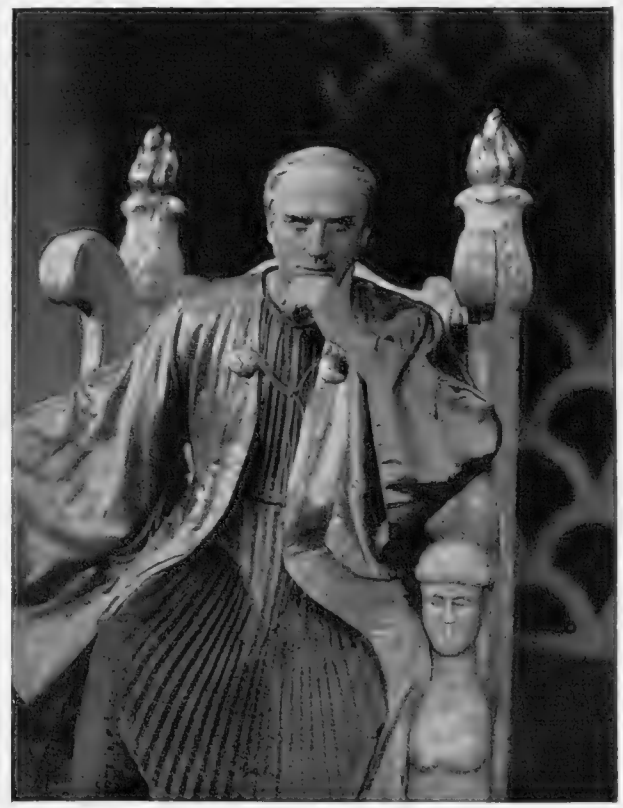
—There is no need to bang the patriotic drum about *The Drum* at the Odeon Cinema just because it is a British film. Such methods have in the past done far more harm than good. Its admirers, of whom I am one, can be permitted to make cheerful noises about it for a much sounder reason—that it is an efficient and sometimes brilliant piece of work.

We are back again in the familiar film haunts of the North West Frontier ("thank God the women are safe"). Mr. A. E. W. Mason is too experienced a writer of tales of adventure not to have provided an excellent one for the fourteen-year-old boy Sabu, who here does most of the things any normal white fourteen year-old boy loves to do but is prevented by having to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic instead. There is a white boy in the film as well—Master Desmond Tester—who plays the part of a drummer.

Since the film has been made partly in India, partly in Bucks., and partly in Wales, Master Tester must have travelled more widely than most lads of his age. Mr. Raymond Massey—a more mature lad, but what a lad!—gives the best performance as the ghoulish Ghul, who murders lots of people, wears a turban and a black beard and hates the British Empire. Mr. Massey is so grim and so terrifying that I longed for him to break into one of his *Idiot's Delight* tap-dances just to relieve the tension. But such things are emphatically not done on the North West Frontier.

The Drum is in colour, and the really lovely effects and the general efficiency are indeed a tribute to Mr. Alexander Korda's production and Mr. Zoltan Korda's direction.

and Linden Travers in *Lost Lady*, the new which Mr. Hitchcock, in his usual inimitable Dame May Whitty, Naunton Wayne, Michael Lockwood, Philip Leaver, and Mary Clare

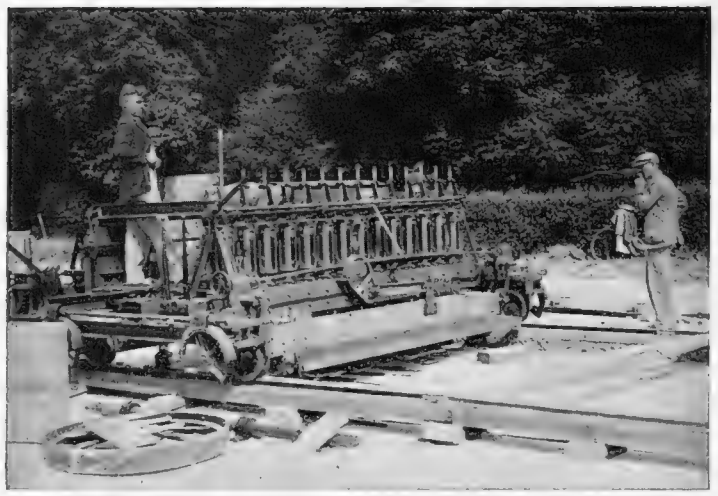


SHAKESPEARE IN SCANDINAVIA: Lars Hanson in the title role of *Julius Caesar*, which has recently been presented with marked success at the Royal Dramatic Theatre, Stockholm, a revolving stage being used for the occasion to allow of quick scene changes. The Swedish translation is admirable

The Coming Opera Season.

—Covent Garden will be opening its doors again in little more than a fortnight. The prospectus, which I have just received, is interesting. If the repertoire is less extensive than usual, there is no new production scheduled and we seem as far off as ever from hearing the later

(*Continued on page* 132)



A ROAD-MAKING ROBOT: A new machine from Germany which stamps out, levels, and finishes concrete road surfaces. It weighs 9 tons and was first used in this country in the construction of the now completed Mickleham, Surrey, by-pass

MANY INVENTIONS MAKE LIGHT WORK: This is only one of the numerous machines now used in road-making which, as a result, has become a very much speedier business in this country than it was but a few years ago. This apparatus is known as a grader and levels off the excavated ground by means of a steel blade about 10 ft. long

THE GRADER: A rear view of this road-making machine which levels off excavated ground. The object of the angled wheels is to offer greater resistance when grading off a heavy mass of earth; just as a man is able to exert greater power when leaning over to a job

MECHANICAL TRENCH DIGGING: A trench excavator, which is pulled along by tractors, at work on a road-widening scheme. The earth, which is brought up with amazing rapidity, is conveyed to the side by means of an endless belt and neatly piled up

MODERN ROAD-MAKING DEVICES

The Latest Machines used in Building New Roads and making Existing Ones Safer

THE 6-CYLINDER AUSTIN "FOURTEEN"

A Car Which Combines Driving Ease With Perfect Coachwork

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I HAVE frequently noticed whilst driving that a very large proportion of the cars I see on the road are Austins. Having the good fortune to drive one recently for four days I now understand why it is that the Austin is so much favoured. To start with I find from the catalogue that the Austin Company produce twenty-three different models, ranging from 7 h.p. up to 20 h.p., and from £112 up to £650. Obviously, every taste and every pocket can be satisfied by at least one of the catalogued models.

The actual car that was placed at my disposal was a Fourteen 6-cylinder model and if all its larger and smaller stable companions go as well and are as pleasing to drive we have another reason why Austins sell in such numbers.

The last time I drove a 6-cylinder Austin was some years ago and I remember that, although it went very well and had an excellent performance, the carriage work appeared to be a little less modern at that time than one found on other cars. To-day, judging by the car which I have just driven, the lines of Austin coachwork are distinctly up to date without being freakish. As a matter of fact, the design of the body is unusually clever.

When the driver and his passengers open a door to get in it looks as if their heads must strike the roof as the whole body is nice and low. When the occupants are seated, however, they find there is ample clearance above their heads. The lines of the body at the back and the treatment of the front wings, radiator shell, and bonnet, are more than pleasing. The equipment is very satisfying and the controls for the driver are conveniently placed.

The performance of the car was quite an eye-opener. The acceleration was smooth and exceedingly rapid. Although I was not prepared for the car to shine so much in this particular direction on reflection it really is not surprising, for the great firm of Austins must possess probably as much up-to-date practical knowledge as to how to make a car accelerate quickly as any other firm in the country. The all-out speed was well above the 70 m.p.h. mark on the speedometer dial, and that speed could be attained in a very short distance if so desired. Right throughout its whole range of revolutions the engine was smooth and silent. It was a good starter first thing in the morning and, having burst into life, it warmed up with the minimum of delay.

With such a pleasantly lively car, good brakes were really desirable and here the Austin lived up to its reputation of being dependable. The power of the engine could always be used to its full because the stopping powers of the brakes could be relied upon in any emergency. There was nothing indefinite regarding their action and yet they were sensitive and progressive. The steering was good and the suspension was pleasant. Altogether, a highly satisfactory example of a British built and British designed motor car.

A CAR OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY: This strikingly handsome Thrupp and Maberly Touring Limousine on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom III chassis is finished in black pearl, a new and exclusive form of cellulose which produces a remarkably beautiful effect. Designed for either fast long-distance touring or town use, the car has seating for five persons and is most luxuriously equipped to ensure really restful travelling

It looks as if the R.A.C. Rally, which takes place this year from April 26 to 30, is going to be more important than ever before. The number of entries is greatly in excess of those received in 1937 but perhaps it is the number of official teams that have been nominated to compete for the Manufacturers' Team Prize, presented by Viscount Wakefield, that gives the event its genuine importance.

Altogether, there are sixteen teams entered by Manufacturers or their accredited nominees, and amongst them I find the well-known make of Alvis, Aston Martin, Austin, Citroën, Fiat, Ford, Frazer-Nash-B.M.W., Jensen, Morgan, Riley, Singer, S.S., Talbot, Triumph and Wolseley. The focal point of the Rally is Blackpool, where the competitors will arrive on Thursday, April 28, after completing approximately 1,000 miles over the roads of England, Scotland and Wales.

At this time of the year, there is usually a very large number of recruits to the motoring ranks. In addition, thou-ands of existing motorists buy new cars. Whilst it would be quite easy to write a whole book on the subject of what to do and what not to do when buying a car, I will mention only one point which I find is very apt to be missed when a decision regarding a new car is made. I refer to the highly important factor of depreciation.

Most people appear to weigh up very carefully how much they can afford to spend on running the car week by week. They will argue whether they can afford £8 or £10 a year in tax and go very thoroughly into all the other items of expenditure connected with owning and running a car but completely forget the factor of depreciation.

I agree that it is exceedingly difficult for a new motorist to make any useful estimate as to what he is likely to drop when he sells a car one, two, or three years hence. He must seek advice and it would indeed be strange if amongst his many friends there is not one who has some experience, and therefore knowledge, of this matter. For some extraordinary reason certain cars suffer much less depreciation per year than others. It is not always the lowest priced car that has the highest relative depreciation. Actually, there is no rule or regulation that can be studied by a prospective purchaser. The experience of others is his only guide.

I have heard a man argue with an agent that he can only just afford to pay the tax on an 8-h.p. car when the agent was trying to persuade him to decide on a 10-h.p. model. Further, the prospective purchaser very rightly remarked that the larger car would use up more petrol, and so from every angle would be a more expensive proposition. The agent was not able to steer the sale along the lines he thought best, although I think he would have been successful had he mentioned the subject of probable depreciation. Frequently, by endeavouring to save £20 a year, £50 is lost quite unnecessarily when the car is sold.

Many new motorists start off in their career by buying a second-hand car. There are hundreds of bargains to be found but there are likewise many unpleasant shocks that can descend on the unwary. Personally, I know from my own sorry experience that it is highly unwise to buy any second-hand car without having it inspected by a qualified engineer.

Both the R.A.C. and the A.A will carry out such examination at a very small cost and money thus spent is a wise investment. Of course, if the prospective owner carries out his transaction with a firm of high standing, and there are quite a number throughout the country, such an examination is unnecessary, but the prospective purchaser, unless he has a knowledgeable friend to guide him, cannot be expected to know which are the safe firms in the second-hand car trade.

A RUDDER-LESS FERRY-BOAT FOR THE SOLENT AND A "WATER BUS" TO PLY ON THE THAMES

LAUNCH OF THE "CRAB" SHIP: The Southern Railway Company's new ferry-boat, *Lymington*, taking the water at Dumbarton. The vessel, which is to ply between Lymington, Hants, and Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, has several unusual features. She is double ended, without rudder or normal steering gear, being propelled and steered by Voith-Schneider propellers, one at each end, and by means of these can be manœuvred easily sideways, ahead, or astern

THE FIRST OF THE NEW THAMES "WATER-BUSES": *The Pride of Westminster* entering the water at East Cowes as she was launched from Messrs. Saunders' shipyard. She can take 100 passengers and from Easter onwards, it is hoped, will run a service at scheduled times from Westminster pier to Southend with intermittent stops at Greenwich, Woolwich, and Gravesend. It is over thirty years since the London County Council ran steamboats on the Thames, and the present innovation is one that should be widely welcomed by those who love the river. *The Pride of Westminster* is 70 ft. in length, has a beam of 16 ft., two open cockpits, two saloons, and a raised deck for use during fine weather

A Page for Women

NEW WOODS NEW COLOURS NEW HOUSE-CLOTHES

THERE is to-day a new feeling in interior decoration. "Modernism," in its more exaggerated and uncomfortable manifestations is eclipsed, and its place is taken by modern renderings of traditional forms. The Georgian, the Regency, and even the Victorian eras have provided inspiration, and the loveliest period pieces of those times have been simplified to conform with contemporary wall treatments.

New woods play an important part in these arrangements, and in the room pictured on the right the sense of lightness that is induced by the Regency inspired chairs is heightened by the wood that is used. It is bleached okoumi—a pinkish-cream West African wood which belongs to the mahogany family—and sycamore. The very beautiful marking of the wood is plainly discernible in the dining table and the two side tables.

This room has been designed by Harrods, of Knightsbridge, and in their furniture salons are a whole series of perfectly executed rooms of varying types. Blonde walnut, so pale that it is almost parchment coloured, is a wood that they use frequently, and their colour schemes alone are a source of inspiration.

Pastels are greatly favoured, because they help to give height and space to small modern rooms, and bronze, turquoise, and pink, with light touches of yellow, maroon, peach, and eau-de-nil; burgundy, mauvey-pink and grey-blue; or coral, yellow, pink-beige and white are very effective combined together.

House-clothes grow in importance year by year, for women have learned that there is nothing to equal the comfort of a loose coat or a pair of pyjamas when the day is done.

Here is one of the new Gibson girl housecoats from Harrods. The bloused top is made in brilliantly printed marocain, shirred into a flat yoke at the front, and gathered across the back. The skirt, with its triangular pockets and full front, is made in black, Parisand, and royal blue, and the whole thing is zip fastened right down the front.

It costs 5⅛ guineas, and is made on exactly the same lines, but with a pyjama skirt, for those who prefer it that way.

Wall Treatment for a Garden Flat

DEAD END

○

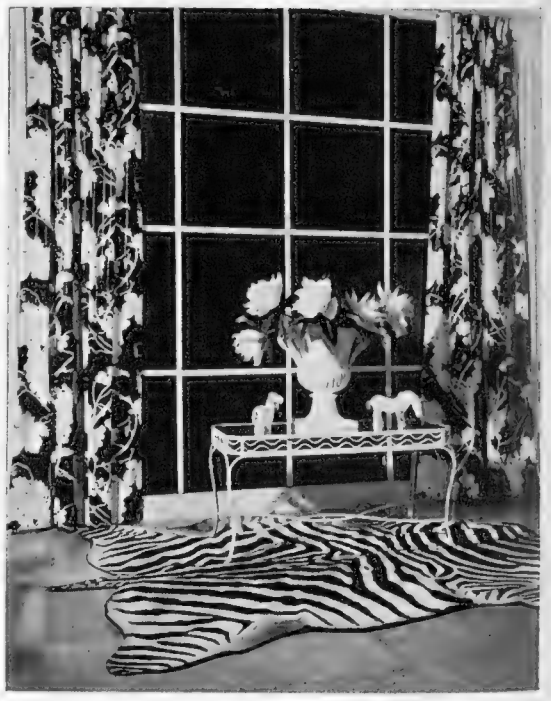
Properly Treated, Walls Can Entirely Change the Shape of a Room and Can Create an Illusion of Real Spaciousness

○

If you like to use a little imagination walls need never look nearly as solid as they are. It is true that you cannot move them, even though you may hate the shape of your room or the outlook from your window, but if you make them work for you instead of allowing them to obstruct your ideas you can achieve almost miraculous transformations at surprisingly little cost.

In these days of Garden Flats—a name that is all too often given to basement premises—the treatment of a small courtyard or an oppressively near wall becomes of vital importance. Pictured above is a charming treatment suggested by Fortnum and Mason. The wall itself is heavily whitewashed, and in the centre a plaster head is fixed above a plaster bowl which holds tulips or bulbs. Curtains of glazed chintz or of American cloth hang down each side, and pots of tulips are ranged along the wall.

Their second scheme is for the end wall of a room that is too long and narrow. The wall itself is papered with black shiny paper and intersected with a narrow moulding so that the general impression is of a large window. The curtains are made of boldly patterned unlined chintz, and in this instance the black and white scheme is completed by a metal table on which stand a white urn and two horses. The same idea could be adapted for a dark passage by using a light paper and pale toned curtains, and the total cost is infinitesimal.



To Give Breadth to a Long Narrow Room

MAINLY PATRICIAN . . .

Belgium's and Bulgaria's Princesses : Prince Edward of Kent Returns to Belgrave Square : Norway's Heir Presumptive, a Great-Grandson of King Edward VII

PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE, ten-year old daughter of King Leopold of Belgium and of the late Queen Astrid, seen during a visit to the Gala Horse Show held in aid of poor mothers in Brussels. The Princess's likeness to her mother is striking

BACK FROM THE COUNTRY: The Duke of Kent pictured with his son, Prince Edward, now two-and-a-half years old, on their return to Belgrave Square from their Buckinghamshire home at Iver, where they spend much time during these bright spring days

On left—A MOST IMPORTANT PERSON: This is one-year-old —Prince Harald, son of Crown Prince Olav of Norway and heir presumptive to the Norwegian throne, whose advent last year caused such rejoicing in Oslo. His grandmother is Queen Maud, and this makes him a great-grandson of Edward VII and a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria

THE PAINTING LESSON: King Boris of Bulgaria pictured with his five-year-old daughter, Princess Marie Louise, in the palace at Sophia. The King, who in 1930 married one of the daughters of the King of Italy, has two children and spends a great deal of his spare time in their company

BY WAY OF CONTRAST: This chubby poppet and her smiling Slovakian peasant mother make a charming pair in their floral finery. Both seem in the pink of health

"IN GRANDMA'S IDEAL HOME": This dining-room setting, with its characteristic patterned wall paper, its brave array of family portraits, and unmistakably Victorian furnishings, is one of the retrospective features of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition which has once again opened its doors at Olympia and is proving as big an attraction as in all its twenty-two years. It was inaugurated by Mrs. Neville Chamberlain

THIS PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL DE LUXE is displayed in the exhibition by a Taplow firm. In the background is a changing room and above, a spacious sun bathing balcony

DREAM HOUSE ROW: Just a few of the modern homes open to inspection at Olympia, each incorporating new developments

THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Opens its Doors for the Twenty-second Time at Olympia

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BELISARIUS: HAMMER OF THE GOTHS

The Author of "I, Claudius" Tells the Tragically Dramatic Story of a Great Captain of the Byzantine Age

By VERNON FANE

THE publishers of **COUNT BELISARIUS** (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) claim that the average educated Englishman could give only a vague account of what happened anywhere in the world in the thousand-year gap between Nero and the Norman conquest, commonly called the Dark Ages. Can it be that publishers' readers have already forgotten Gibbon, and that the life and times of Justinian are a closed book to them in spite of the vivid pen and unquestionable survival value of Procopius? Or, being on the modern side, perhaps they had some justification for missing the five books of Agathias.

Mr. Robert Graves, who has already revealed himself to be an expert at building sound historical novels with the straw of Roman history, has chosen a magnificent subject in Belisarius, with such powerful contemporary foils as Justinian and Theodora, upon whom he draws for the dramatic intensity of his story and with whom he takes few historical liberties that Procopius himself did not take. Possibly the learned Greek had his own reasons for stressing the questionable side of Theodora's early life as well as of Justinian's affinity with Beelzebub, but certainly Mr. Graves has every right to adorn these characteristics with the modern novelist's touch.

Belisarius was a great general, the victorious hero of campaigns against the Persians in A.D. 530, three years later subduing the Vandal kingdom by the capture of Carthage, invading Sicily, storming Naples, and afterwards defending Rome for a year against almost the entire strength of the Goths. The Ostrogoths not only submitted to him, but offered him the crown as emperor of the West. Strangely in these times Belisarius tempered his conquests with justice and mercy; he was also loyal to his master and rejected the proffered diadem.

Returning to Constantinople Justinian rewarded his loyalty with jealous revilings and for some time he was in disgrace, until circumstances compelled Justinian to send him once more against the Goths, who had reconquered Italy. With the inadequate forces at his command the task proved impossible, although he managed to hold his enemies at bay. Justinian seized the chance to recall him and to wreak his envy upon him in a more complete disgrace.

Once more he was to earn military glory when, with a mixed rabble of veterans and peasants, he repelled the Bulgarians, who were at the gates of Constantinople. Justinian's hatred of the man who had saved his life and his crown was such that he charged him with conspiracy, confiscated his possessions, and imprisoned him.

Mr. Graves tells the story of Belisarius through the mouth of Eugenius the Eunuch, slave to Antonina, wife of Belisarius, whom he also makes the sister of the Empress Theodora. The characters of these two women, as well as that of the envious and hateful Emperor, knit this story of brilliant military exploits brilliantly told, into the weft of a fine novel. The author of *I, Claudius* can hardly be expected to have surpassed his own high standard in historical fiction, but in this novel he has at least maintained it, and I, for one, take off my hat to his deft handling of the legend of the Blind Beggar of Constantinople.

Miss Gertrude Stein is an American lady who lives in Paris, and who first achieved a reputation for writing in a way which nobody could understand. Very naturally she soon acquired a number of followers who proclaimed the crystal clearness of her unintelligibility. Her style became the battleground of an advanced school of prose-writing comparable only to the Surrealists in painting.

Miss Gertrude Stein a little later in life presented to an astonished world a lady by the name of Alice B. Toklas, the story being that the said Miss Toklas had lived with Miss Stein and been her companion for many years. A book, purporting to be the autobiography of Miss Toklas was published a year or two ago. The style had a curious affinity with Miss Stein's own passionate disregard for syntax and almost hysterical rejection of punctuation. But not entirely. For when Miss Toklas desired to make a pointed comment upon a contemporary in the world of art or letters she became surprisingly lucid. A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose, but Hemingway was no Glenway Westcott.

Now there is nothing unintelligible or even unintelligent in following up a success so, "Alice B. Toklas did hers and now everybody will do theirs." Hence **EVERYBODY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) by Gertrude Stein.

I am given to understand that this book "is written in Miss Stein's most lucid vein, full of sly humour, keen observation, and devastating analyses of some of the great artists, writers, politicians, and public figures of Europe and America." If she had friends she was prepared to shed them in the pages of Toklas. "Braque and Marie Laurencin and Matisse they did not like it and they did not get used to it. The first to feel that way about it was Braque or Matisse or Marie Laurencin. Matisse had pieces translated to him so did Braque, Marie Laurencin had pieces translated to her but not by me. Matisse I never saw again but Braque yes twice and Marie Laurencin once."

Which seems to me to speak a mouthful for Gertrude Stein's prowess as a translator. I have enjoyed this book as I enjoyed Alice B. Toklas and for the same reasons. Miss Stein evidently enjoys these excursions and picnickings among reputations, and in this book she not only makes a few more succulent meals of her contemporaries but dines us on some of the sights, sounds, and scenes of the country of her birth, re-visited after many years spent in happy exile in the centre of European civilisation. It is significant that coincident with the publication of this book in the U.S.A. the bottom fell once more out of Wall Street, but that did not prevent its becoming a best-seller at I don't know how many dollars-fifty.

On the other hand the autobiography of Mrs. Compton Mackenzie is set in classic lines. Beginning with childhood it marches pleasantly through the years, offending nobody, praising many and judiciously ending at a period some twenty years ago, thereby leaving room for a continuation in the next.

Faith Compton Mackenzie was a daughter of that famous Eton character, E. D. Stone, and no one writes unsuccessfully about the famous sons of Eton. Her brother is Christopher Stone, known to every buyer of a 10s. licence, her husband is Compton Mackenzie whose passion for islands is as immortal as his works, her sister-in-law is Fay Compton, probably the most versatile and gifted of living actresses, and she has known more or less intimately most of the famous people of literature and the drama in her generation.

The first of their islands was, of course, Capri, and in the course of her story most of the characters of *South Wind* seem to spring into real life. There, also we meet such diverse persons as Norman Douglas, D. H. Lawrence, Axel Munthe, Edwin Cerio, and of course Kate and Saidee Wolcott-Perry.

AS MUCH AS I DARE (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the title of this candid autobiography which tells us so much but does not disturb the reasonable reticences. One reader may be forgiven for wishing for more of Pélissier, Norman Douglas, D. H. Lawrence and the production of *Carnival*, but that might have been achieved only by a foreshortening of the portrait of the Reverend E. D. Stone and I am not one to minimise the significance of that florid toast *floreat Etona*.

For those of us who are not in the habit of devouring newspaper reports of murder trials and other *causes célèbres* it is comforting to realise that a modern habit will make them available to us in book form in the shape of biographies of His Majesty's judges lately deceased.

The present writer not at one time being in the position to peruse the daily newsprints, well remembers with what astonishment he once arrived in London on leave to find the heroic exploits of his comrades pushed off the front page by some people who were being referred to in a case at the Old Bailey as the "47,000." It appeared that somebody was being tried before Mr. Justice Darling for criminal libel, and that the said 47,000 were names in a Black Book then in the possession of our friends the Boches, and over which judge, counsel, and litigant were indulging in a slanging match the like of which has never since been witnessed in an English court of justice.

THE LIFE OF LORD DARLING (Cassell. 18s.) deals of course in detail with this case and in spite of Mr. Derek Walker-Smith's obvious devotion to the subject of his biography no one, not even the twelve members of the jury, emerges with much credit from it.

It is not for a layman to appraise the qualities of Charles Darling as a practising lawyer or as a judge. To the man in the street he was a "character" in the sense that any case over which he presided and had a vestige of public interest was sure to be enlivened by individual comments from the Bench. He had a reputation for wit, there was much laughter in his courts: he was a godsend to the reporters.

Like many another good after-dinner speaker and learned judge he knew his classics and could point a Latin epigram equally as well at the butcher in the witness box as at learned counsel. He is a good subject for a biography, he wrote poetry but publicly disdained the works of Wilde; he upheld at all times the majesty of the Law except

(Continued on page 132)

HUMPTY DUMPTY RE-CITED

"I can recite poetry as well as other folk," said Humpty Dumpty, "if it comes to that—"
"Oh, I hope it won't come to that," Alice hastily said. (But it did.)

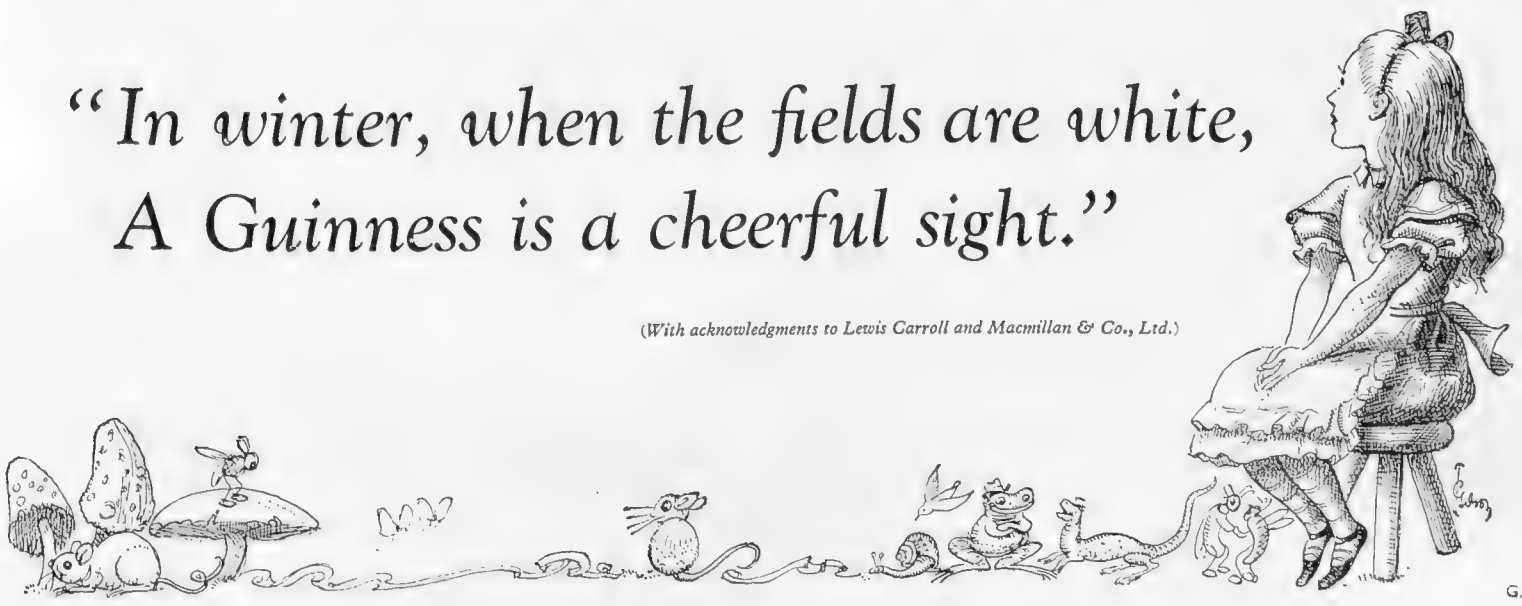
"In spring, when woods are getting green,
Oft with a Guinness am I seen."

"In summer, when the days are long,
'A Guinness, please' is still my song."

"In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
I like to quaff a Guinness down."

"In winter, when the fields are white,
A Guinness is a cheerful sight."

(With acknowledgments to Lewis Carroll and Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



G.E.775.A.

Personal Recommendations Tell

dorland

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

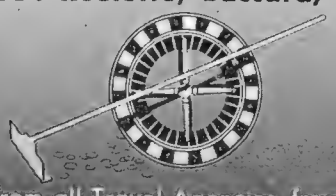
author of the Harper Prize Novel entitled The Seven Who Fled, brings the literary treatment of Baden-Baden and its charms right down to the present day, making this gem of spas spring to life as only one can who has felt its spell.

„Then, in the second place, there was the voyage to Baden-Baden for the Grande Semaine.
What a lovely haughty place! He would look through the fluttering lace curtains of the Stephanie, and watch the moping willows above the pool, and the sleek foliage of the chestnut trees reaching down towards the sparkling regimental wavelets in the stream below. His mother would take him along to the tenniscourts . . . On the sunny terrace of the little tennispavillion stood big red umbrellas, and underneath these white tables where coffee and coffee-cakes were served . . . In the distance the baroque fountains were playing beneath the huge English elms, and beyond these the white marble bust of the Grossherzogin peered quizzically through the shrubbery . . .",

Cure while you play in

BADEN-BADEN
BLACK FOREST

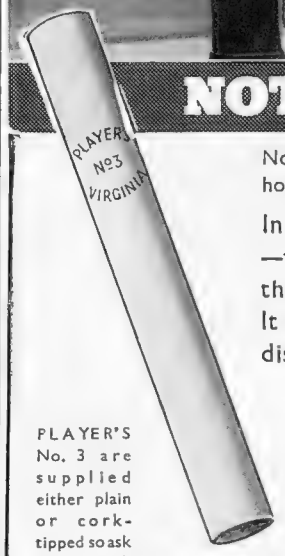
Fashionable social life all the year round.
Golf, tennis, riding and every other type of sport.
CASINO: Roulette, Baccara, Klondyke.



Full information from all Travel-Agencies, from the German Railways Information Bureau, London SW 1, 19, Regent Street or direct from the "Bäder- und Kurverwaltung" Baden-Baden.

Special brochure "England in Baden-Baden", free of charge.

NOTABLE NUMBERS



No.62 RODNEY STREET, LIVERPOOL—This plain, severe old house is where William Ewart Gladstone was born, in 1809.

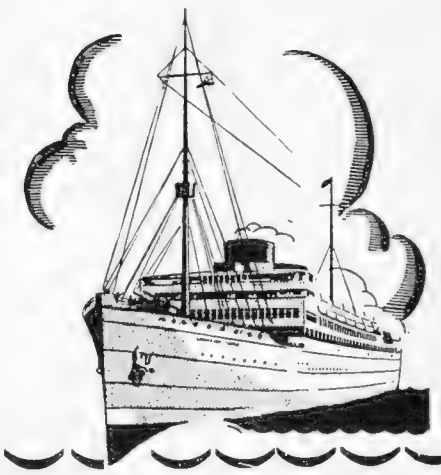
In a world far from that of the grim Mr. Gladstone —the pleasant, fragrant world of fine tobacco—there is *another* notable number, Player's No 3. It stands for a cigarette of infinite mellowness and distinction of flavour, a cigarette of *finer* quality.

PLAYER'S No. 3 are supplied either plain or cork-tipped so ask for which you prefer.

PLAYER'S
NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) /4

3.P 42-E



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For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE SPHERE every week — full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks —no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. Just write to The Publisher, THE SPHERE, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

SNOW STILL LINGERS on the Swiss heights, but in the valleys spring is bursting forth in all its radiant glory. This picture was taken above Montreux and shows the stately snow-clad Rochers de Naye towering in the background

FROM the travel point of view both France and Italy are already benefiting from what is known as "the situation on the Continent." The opening of the grand tour season in Italy this week was marked by a full complement on the special train which carries out the entire tour. That meant not far short of 300 bookings, and I understand the other tours to the country were correspondingly well booked.

The Riviera, too, is having a very good Easter and it has not been easy to get accommodation at some of the better known places. Do not you find the people are always trying to "discover" new spots along that glorious coast? Moreover the efforts are not without success, for there are so many little bays and nooks there rarely mentioned out here. I see that Le Rayol is now attracting attention. It is one of the group of resorts on the Côte des Maures, that bulge in the French coast from Marseilles towards St. Raphael. Flanked by glorious forest and rising almost sheer from the sea Le Rayol is a most beautiful spot. Le Lavandou, fittingly suggestive of lavender, Aiguebelle, Cavalière, Le Canadel, St. Tropez, an old world haunt of the artists, which is good enough for Bonnet, and St. Maxime are other places to consider along there, and a brand new one is Port Grimaud d'Esquières.

Lausanne.—It is not often you hear of people having no desire to go to Switzerland, and in those cases the lack of enthusiasm is generally due to a fear of dread of mountains at any rate at close quarters. The notion that all the hotels are poised precariously on some unstable peak or nestling at the foot of a rocky mass which at any moment may crash down and wipe them out of existence is all wrong. It is a pity that such ideas become a barrier to the enjoyment of so much natural beauty, and there are many places in pleasantly undulating country from which the snow clad heights appear as a distant panorama. Lausanne, for instance, though built on seven hills and with the Signal rising some 2,500 ft. behind the town is virtually a garden city and at its suburb, Ouchy, on lower ground there are wide and pleasant residential roads with a fine lakeside promenade and a picturesque harbour. Lausanne, next to Geneva, is the most important and interesting town on the lake and is famed as a cultural centre. It is said that its only chimneys are those of the hotels.

Belgium.—It is a bit early yet to be casting eyes on the Belgian coast although some of the hotels are opening for Easter. This coast has become remarkably popular in the last few years with people who have not much money to spend and want what they call a Continental atmosphere. If you desire periods of gaiety and are content to spend the rest of the time lazily on the beach well and good, but as soon as I set foot in Belgium I want to get off to old Bruges or Ghent. Then there is the charm of the Ardennes. Dinant on the Meuse or Durbuy on the Ourthe are excellent centres from which to explore the varied scenery. The latter by the way is quite a small village, but by an ancient charter is able to call itself a town. It is said to be the smallest town in the world. The Ardennes are very popular with our sturdy young tourists who like to take their holidays afoot.

Visby.—The cruising liners will soon be opening the Baltic season. There is so much variety there that you may wonder where to begin. One place you should not miss if you are interested in medieval relics is Visby, the only town on the Swedish island, Gottland. In the days when the Hanseatic League was a force to be reckoned with in Europe this town was one of its most powerful members. To-day it is a city of ruins, but remarkably interesting ruins. Of its sixteen churches only one, the Cathedral, is still in use. It has a very picturesque city wall with nearly two score towers, and there is nothing quite like it in Europe. From the top of hill, Galberget, you get a good panorama of the city.

Rhodes.—The dive into the classics which last week's article on Greece involved still has its influence on me and demands a reference to one of the most interesting islands in the Eastern Mediterranean, Rhodes, which the legend says was raised from the depths of the sea by Apollo. Whatever we may think about that story we know that its history goes back some 3,000 years, and when it was a Roman province it was the cultural centre of which Cicero, Julius Caesar, Augustus and others wore the equivalent of the old school tie. Its famous bronze Colossus, over 100 ft. high, was one of the Seven Wonders.

The ancient City of the Knights with strong walls, medieval palaces well preserved and associated with the Crusades, is the outstanding sight of the Island but there are many relics of the earlier epochs. The glory of its flowers is unending. It may surprise you to know that Rhodes has 250 miles of roads quite suited to motor traffic, and you can take a private car into the Island for three months without charge. It is not an inaccessible place, being only 250 miles from Piraeus and there is regular communication with Italian and French ports. A weekly service runs between Rhodes and the other Italian islands of the Aegean Sea.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

"Discoveries" on the Côte des Maures : Lausanne, the Garden City : Rhodes and Its Roads

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent reblies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sbhere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these barticular examples as being of interest to brosbective travellers generally.

From Vancouver.—A very pleasant way of travelling to England is direct by Royal Mail through the Panama Canal. We do not recommend coming via Hong Kong in the summer time unless there are special reasons why you should, because the Indian Ocean would then be unpleasantly hot. It would take about 46 days that way. You cross to Hong Kong by an Empress liner, the cost being about 350 dollars, and then by Blue Funnel or P. and O. steamer to this country, the fare for that part of the voyage being about £80 first class.

Tangier.—It is quite possible to get a fortnight's holiday for £20 or a little more and that would cover all tipping; possibly some excursions as well. To do that you go by steamer from London direct to Tangier and have six days in the fascinating port which retains an astonishing amount of its true Moorish character. There are, of course, routes which get you there quicker but they are more expensive. Some of the cruising liners call but do not usually stay long enough to do more than whet the appetite to spend more time in its Eastern atmosphere.

Dalmatian Coast.—Venice would be a delightful alternative to Rome in early May, in fact it is at about its best then. The Hotel Cavaletto which charges 50 to 70 lire per day, single room and pension, and 55 to 75 lire with private bathroom is recommended. To see the Dalmatian coast I suggest you take steamer from Venice to Split, where you might stay a few days. At Split the Palace Hotel (60 to 90 dinars per day, room and pension) or the Slavija, where the price is a little higher—75 to 100 dinars per day—are recommended. Then take the Yugoslav coastal steamer to Dubrovnik and stay there for a time. At Dubrovnik I recommend the Excelsior, 115 to 155 dinars per day, or the pension Viktoria, 90 to 100 dinars per day. Return by the coastal steamer to Fiume and take the train from Trieste for the homeward journey.

Beverley Brooke

THE RUGGED SPLENDOUR OF DALMATIA'S COAST: Looking down on the rock-perched castle of Cattaro and on the famed gulf which during the summer months is a favourite calling place of cruising liners

THE HOTEL IN THE PATH OF THE SUN

Facing due South and the Sea in its own three acres of Grounds. Golf and Riding in a sunny, bracing climate. And indoors a tradition of hospitality, the best of English fare, a picked wine list, balconies looking on to the Sea, and, of course, running water. Your well being is the personal interest of the Proprietor, C. JAMES. Write to him for brochure. *Telephone 40.*

THE ROYAL **NORFOLK** HOTEL BOGNOR REGIS

IT'S Never too Early . . .

to come to Bude. Motoring, fishing, tennis, squash, billiards, riding and walking. Golf links adjoining. Your Hotel? The GRENVILLE second to none in Cornwall. 100 rooms and suites. Fully licensed. Covered verandahs, ballroom, lift, central heating. Write Manager for tariff. Tel.: 15

GRENVILLE HOTEL

BUDE

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Grill Room. Cocktail Bars. Suites.

Running Water and Telephones in all bedrooms.

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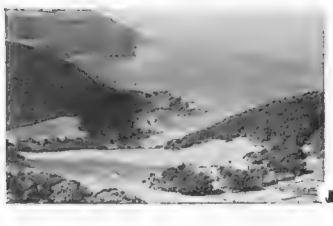
A week-end at Folkestone?

—at a first-class hotel in a sunny, sheltered situation. Golf links 10 minutes' walk. Tennis, squash and badminton adjoining. Lift to all floors. Cocktail Lounge, private suites and bathrooms with softened water. Your comfort under the personal direction of the Resident Proprietor.

Telephone 2666

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

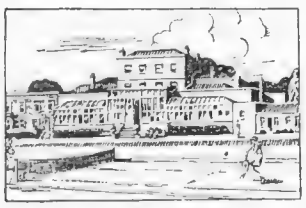


A West Country Gem . . .

Beautifully ensconced on a wooded Southern slope looking on to Lee Bay. 366 acres of grounds reaching to the sea, with golf course free to visitors.

An historic old building luxuriously renovated throughout, with central heating, running water, etc. Licensed. Write for tariff. Tel.: Lynton 24.

LEE ABBEY HOTEL LYNTON



Avonmouth Hotel Amid four acres of well wooded private grounds, a sunny spacious hotel where modern comforts, good cooking and willing service all await you. All-the-year-round mildness and excellent facilities for sport. Bathing is safe and secluded in this pleasing old coastal retreat.

MUDEFORD *Near Christchurch, Hants.*

N. CORNWALL for good surf bathing, sandy beaches, excellent golf and bracing air

DORRIT—POLZEATH

HAS ROOM FOR A FEW GUESTS TO WHOM THESE ATTRACTIONS APPEAL

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.

Lift

Self-contained Suites

Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

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NOT AN HOTEL . . . or a Guest House, but something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*

In Quest of

Where to Stay in Bath—a City Good Care of its Visitors—Not

"Jehovah's blessing let's admire,
Here's constant heat and yet no fire;
Bethesda's pool by sacred hand
Hither removed to heal the land.
God and the King are here our free imparters;
God gives the waters and the King the charters."

THESE lines which were found about 1700 near the King's Bath Pump in Bath, are a fitting opening to the story of that matchless city. For with Bath indeed it is a case of God and the King. More naturally blessed than most places in the world with its lovely situation, its equable climate, and its unrivalled hot springs, it has also always been beloved by great men.

I have visited Bath on several occasions recently, and each visit has strengthened my determination to write about it and its hotels. Life there revolves, as it does at other spas, round the Pump Room. Entering the magnificent eighteenth-century doorway you immediately find yourself confronted with the past and the present standing together in harmony, for on your left you will find the steps leading down to the Roman Bath, nearly nineteen centuries old, and on the right you find the modern Pump Room, dedicated to the same purpose. It is not my intention to describe the Roman Bath beyond saying that it is one of the most impressive things of its kind I have ever seen; but so, in its own way, is the twentieth century spa.

I had the good fortune on one of my recent visits to be conducted all round the modern Baths by the Spa matron, who showed me more varieties of treatment and more modern, and even ultra-modern appliances than I ever expected to see gathered under one roof—adding, I may say, the most convincing testimony to the efficacy of each of them.

But though life revolves round the Pump Room, it is not to be supposed that this municipal centre of the City is labelled "For Invalids Only". On the contrary; for though everybody in Bath seems to take the waters, visitors and residents in the City are admirably looked after in other ways by an energetic and enterprising Council. Excellent concerts take place in the Pump Room, the orchestra of which is the oldest in Britain, having been founded in 1704. There are frequent dances, and all the summer open-air music, together with three theatres, a number of cinemas and as much cricket and football in their respective seasons as anybody is likely to want.

No words of mine or, I suspect, of anybody else, can do Bath justice in the description of her streets and buildings. People who have not been there have missed one of the most beautiful spots in England. Where else is there a street to compare with Royal Crescent or Pulteney Street? Where else can you find buildings with the grace and dignity of the Pump Room or the old Royal Baths? Where else, except at Westminster, can you find a church of the same historic interest as Bath Abbey? And when you remember that Bath is set in a countryside which is famous

Entertainment . . .

London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

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140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.

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GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.

GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.

GRAND to the smallest detail.

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Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Band play nightly.

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If it's pleasure . . . .

you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.

Telephone: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL

Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

of Grace and Dignity that Takes a Place "For Invalids Only"

alike for the beauty of its scenery and the mildness of its climate, you need no longer be surprised that it has always been one of the most popular of British resorts.

I do not know a bad hotel in Bath; in fact I know nothing bad in Bath. So when I select for mention a few hotels which I know to be good, it must be remembered that there are many others which I do not write about, merely because I do not know them. One of the principal of Bath's hotels, and right in the centre of the city, is the Spa Hotel, which has always been popular; and under the admirable management of Mr. Keyser who, like so many good hoteliers, was born in Switzerland, it has become more and more sought after.

The Pulteney, a hotel of character if ever there was one, is one of the most charming hotels I know, and fittingly takes its place among the fine buildings of Pulteney Street. The Empire, one of the Empire group of hotels, loses by architectural comparison with some of its rivals, but surely gains in the view which it commands from its windows. Here again is a hotel where you can be certain of the best of everything.

A hotel which I have only recently discovered is Cran Hill Hotel, which stands above the Royal Victoria Park. I cannot tell you much about this place as I was unable to talk to Miss Mounsey its proprietress, but I was struck by its magnificent position and by the beautiful furniture and decorations in all the rooms. Like everything else in Bath, it has quality.

For those who prefer to stay outside the city, and there will always be some, there are those well-known places which I have written about in THE SPHERE before, each excellent in its own way, the Lansdown Grove Hotel and Brockham End Hotel.

And finally it is impossible to make any list of Bath hotels without a reference to Fortts' Restaurant and equally famous biscuits, for if Bath *deserves* to be universally known on her own merits surely it is due not least to Bath Oliver Biscuits that she is as famous as she is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E.A.J. (Berwick-on-Tweed).—I fear that my knowledge of North Wales is not yet so complete as it should be, but I have no hesitation in recommending you to the Oakley Arms Hotel at Tan-y-bwlch near Blaenau Ffestiniog. This is a most comfortable hotel and the fishing is good. Do you know Sir Harry Verney's place called Wern Llanddona on Anglesey? This is a small hotel of great character and charm and I should think would be very delightful in May.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD • SURREY

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REDUCTION 25% – 25%
No alteration in Standard.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 250 ACRES.

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Illustrated brochure free on request.

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KINMEL HALL
—THE RHEUMA SPA OF WALES
ABERGELE

Delightful Residential, Holiday and Spa Centre. Magnificent fifteenth century mansion—modernised. 1,000 acres of parkland; own golf course; near sea. All games. Riding, shooting, fishing, etc. etc.

SPA TREATMENTS—including famous Continental PISTANY MUD—under resident Medical supervision. Excellent cuisine. Special diets.

Week-end terms - - from 35/-
Board Residence from 4½ Gns. week.

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RHEUMA SPA LTD.
KINMEL HALL - ABERGELE - N. WALES

THE VENETIAN GARDEN

LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL

- Perfect in comfort.
- Exclusive in style.
- Beautiful in its surroundings.

Own Boathouse and Landing. Bathing. Tennis. Few minutes Golf Course. Private Bathrooms and Suites. A.A. R.A.C. Telephone: Ambleside 101.

LAKE WINDERMERE
IN
THE ENGLISH LAKES

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 224.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford.—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. Cornwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3139.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 23581.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Cardiff.—Angel Hotel. Tel. 7860.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

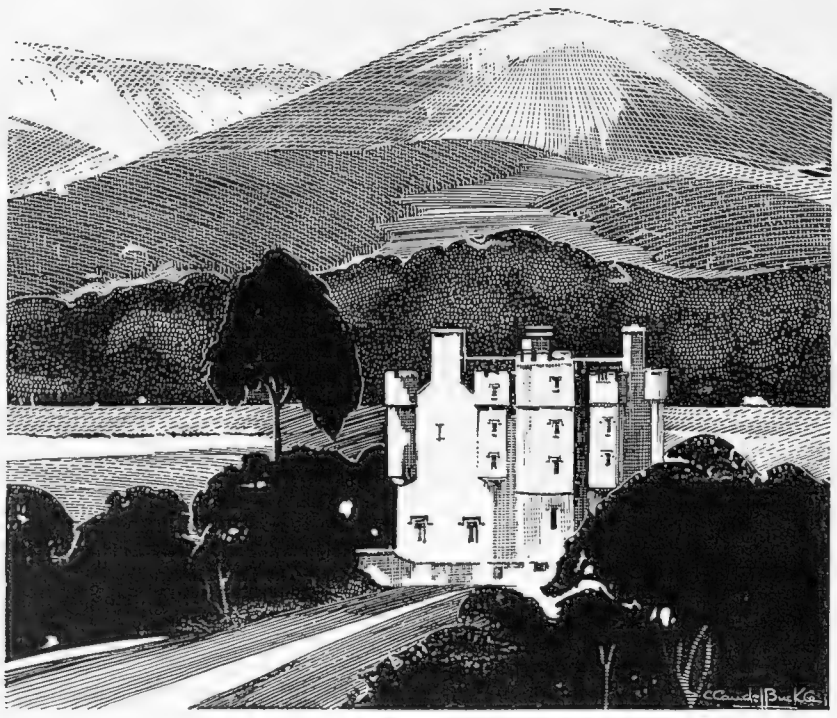
Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.



The Scottish Highlands

GRAND mountain-tramps in sunshine and bracing air. Fishing or bathing—in the brawling stream, or the placid loch. Golf at gay coast-resorts. Crags for the rock-climber. A strenuous, fresh-air holiday . . .

But there is also (maybe you'd not suspected this?) the immemorial peace of quiet byways and glens, for those whose year is spent in the din of cities. You can laze here, and let the strenuous side of life pass you by.

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THE year 1938 will go down in history as opening a new era in Scottish travel. From the day the Empire Exhibition opens at Glasgow in May until its close in October, thousands who have never visited Scotland before will taste of the joys of her scenery, her people, and her hotels.

During the next few weeks I shall hope, in these columns, to give some helpful advice on Scottish hotels I have visited, as well as suggest places at which to stop en route. This week, however, I shall content myself with a few general observations on the various ways of reaching Scotland, and how best to see her once you have arrived.

Many will be taking their own cars to Scotland, and many hours can be spent working out the various routes, and deciding on places to stop at outward and homeward bound. In this connection, and especially this year, I do urge the importance of touring Scotland early or late rather than at the peak of the season. The hotels, both en route and in Scotland, are full up each night in the busy months, and woe betide the traveller, especially where long distances have to be travelled in Scotland, who arrives without definitely booking his or her accommodation beforehand. I know hotels, both on the Great North Road and in such places as Amulree in Sma' Glen, who turn away dozens every night in August. Forewarned is forearmed, so plan ahead and book ahead.

Those who have but limited time at their disposal can gain considerably by having their car conveyed by rail at a charge of slightly in excess of 3d. per mile, provided that when booking, one 1st-class or two 3rd class tickets are taken out at the same time.

Driving to Scotland—unless you have time to potter on and off the beaten track—can be a tedious affair, and there is a great deal to be said for the facilities offered by the railways in this respect.

If time is no object, and you want to avoid the tediousness of driving and yet have your car with you, it is possible to have your car and yourself conveyed by sea. For the comparatively small sum of £1 17s. 6d. for a small car (i.e., under 20 cwt.) or £2 12s. 6d. for a large one plus your own fare of £2 10s. 0d.—you can give yourself (and your car) the pleasure and benefit of the short sea trip to Aberdeen.

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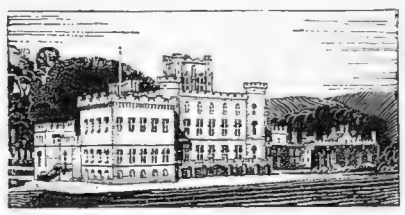

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THE SPHERE REGISTER of SCOTTISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Abington.—Abington Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
Muchalls (nr. Aberdeen).—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stirlingshire.—Buchanan Castle.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

Good Hotels—II

—SCOTLAND

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But there is an even quicker way of reaching Scotland to-day, and that is to fly. By one service you can leave Croydon Airport at 4 p.m. and be at Glasgow at 7.45 p.m.—which should be speedy enough for even the most confirmed American hustler.

But the charms of Scotland itself are not restricted to car owners. There are few countries that can be so fully explored by train, boat, or motor coach.

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Oban, which I will deal with in a later article, is *the* centre for exploring the Western Isles or the western coast.

Scotland, however, cannot be explored thoroughly in any one trip. Once you have visited here you will return again and again—for she has a lure which is irresistible and scenery which is supreme.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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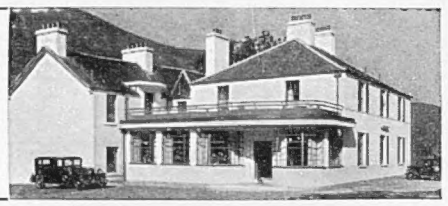

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TUNIS AND THE DUCE (*Continued from p.* 103)

Italians, since when the Italians have taken the lead. And it may be observed that this is thanks to that catastrophic figure, Pierre Laval, who in the accords of Rome that rendered the Ethiopian war possible, allowed Mussolini to get away with one stipulation maintaining Italian nationality for all Italians in Tunisia until 1965. Young Italians already swagger as if they owned the place. They constitute an advance "reception" contingent—their black shirts, and without much doubt their arms, stowed away for the Day.

The local Fascists, backed up by notorious Bari, do all they can in the way of carrying on propaganda against France among the native population, whose every grievance—and they are many—is emphasised and sympathised with. Hot Nationalist youth is shipped free to Italy for university training, and on its return ardently furthers the Destour movement among the 2,215,000 native population. Destour means chart, and the Nationalist movement aims at securing participation in the administration.

The Destouriens derive increasing support from the effects of the economic blight weighing so pitifully upon the fellah. "You haven't been able to save us from misery, so go!" may be compressed the indigenous Tunisian's attitude to the French, indeed, that of most of native French North Africa.

Behind the Tunis spirit of revolt is the surging of the whole Pan-Arab movement that is ever more alarmingly making itself felt from Tunis right round to Agadir, Morocco, an agitation in which Communist agents have been concerned as well as German and Italian. A Mediterranean High Commission has been installed in Paris, specially to cope with the perilous drift. It is promising the resettlement of landless peasants, improvement in schools and housing, the construction of irrigation works to protect the rural population against drought, an increase of wages paid by Government to local labour, and the matter of judicial and administrative reform is being investigated; yet have things, one may well ask, been left until too late?

Basically, the French governing authority has lost contact with the native, and nowhere more so than in Tunisia. Nor does the self-styled Defender of Islam lose much opportunity of driving the fact home. By his anti-British, pro-Arab attitude over Palestine, Mussolini earned the goodwill of the fugitive Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, and the French believe that Rome was behind that exile's recent proclamation in a Tunis newspaper addressed to the local Muslim leader, Sheik Taalbi.

"Echoes have reached us," wrote the Grand Mufti, "of your great efforts to unite the patriots of Tunis and concentrate the various groups with a view to decisive action and in order to form a front for the benefit of the country. We know that what you have done to bring together Tunisians and make brothers of them has the single aim of liberating Tunisia."

Aside from its invaluable kicking-off qualities for further expansion, the Tunisian prize could be a tempting one, with its cereals, minerals, fruit, oil, wine, all at present relatively neglected compared with how they might be made to thrive. That's the pity of it. Here is stuff, some of which Italy wants, while France is adequately supplied. If only nations could be made to hand out produce sanely to one another instead of indulging in mutual destruction in the process. Alas, Italy also desires new territory and sinews, Empire, prestige, and that is a different story.

One does not have to think very hard in order to picture French Morocco flaring into war if Tunis did. At the Moroccan end, complementary in character, the stage would be all set for further work by Franco's released Germans, Italians, and Moors, once victory had been achieved in Spain.

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (*Cont. from p.* 124)

when the inevitable *bon mot* presented itself. Mr. Walker-Smith shows him to be a stern but humane judge and even defends him as a lawyer.

If posterity should ever bother itself further with Charles Darling it may possibly be that some of Mr. Walker-Smith's decisions will be upset on appeal.

A biography reconstructed almost entirely from personal and even intimate letters gives the reader a gratifying sense of being behind the scenes. When Puccini died in 1924 it was the end of a close and happy friendship between the famous Italian composer and an English family, the Seligmans.

For twenty years he had written to them, and particularly to Mrs. Seligman, constantly and candidly. His letters are neither models of conciseness nor of good writing, but they have an equally important quality in their complete naturalness.

In PUCCINI AMONG FRIENDS (Macmillan. 16s.) Mr. Vincent Seligman has done little more than annotate Puccini's correspondence with his mother, but that has been a wise course since it leaves Puccini's own words to draw his portrait perhaps more adequately than if it had been attempted by any friend.

The composer of *Madame Butterfly* comes through the pages of this book as a very human, rather impatient, and genuinely likeable man. As with most artists of real merit, he had a clear idea of the value of his work. Sometimes, particularly when it was more than usually successful, it began to bore him. Visits to London were his favourite form of holiday, but in 1909 he wrote: "I don't know if I can manage to be in London by Saturday—certainly the prospect of seeing *Tosca* that night is no great inducement!"

Early in his career Puccini found success, but his main trouble, as he makes emphatically clear, was with librettists. Puccini, Mr. Seligman assures us, was a very modest man, but on his own admission he can scarcely have been the born collaborator.

The "shopping list" letters are among his most amusing. Mr. Seligman was asked to provide anything from a carpet to a signed photograph of Queen Alexandra. Perhaps because these commissions were always fulfilled, this book is the record of an entirely successful friendship.

DRAMA (*Continued from page* 119)

Richard Strauss operas—e.g., *The Egyptian Helen*—which have for some few years been familiar in Germany and in Vienna, quality is not lacking. For, I think, the first time on record the season is to open with Mozart, *The Magic Flute*. *Il Seraglio* will also be given and in the Mozart operas Herr Richard Tauber will make his Covent Garden debut. He has chosen his roles wisely; Puccini or Wagner in those vast spaces would not be, if I may say so, his cup of tea.

Two cycles of *The Ring*, conducted by Furtwängler, and *Die Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin*, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, will provide an ample dose of Wagner, and there will be several performances of *Der Rosenkavalier*. As for the list of beautiful and less hackneyed works which have been heard at Covent Garden, but now seem to be banished for ever—notably *Königskinder*, *The Jewels of the Madonna*, *Schwanda*, *Francesca di Rimini*, *L'Heure Espagnole* and *L'Enfant Prodigue*—well, that list "would stretch from here to Mesopotamy."

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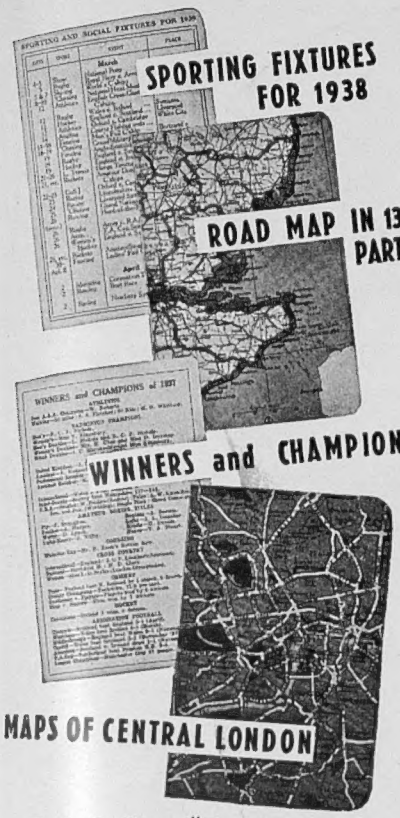

The 1938 edition of "The Sporting and Dramatic" Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below).

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Grand Hotel Palace.—Unrvald sit. on lake. Quiet yet cntrl. Open-air restaurnt. Large pk. Own ten. court.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Lloyd Hotel.—Directly on the lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11 50.

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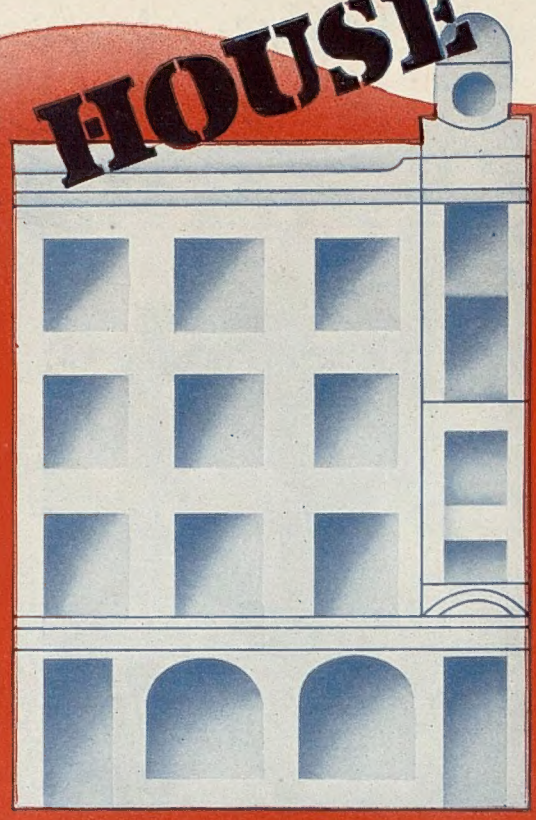

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